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## THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE Church Congress, which last year was a very doubtful success, appears this year at Manchester to have been considerably above the level of such gatherings. Much of this was, no doubt, due to the interest attaching to Mr. BALFOUR's participation in it, and to the merit of his contribution; but this was by no means the only sign of a healthier vitality. Of course, there were as usual weak points. Congresses are very hotbeds of absurdity, and (it is certainly with no intention of disrespect to the clergy that we say it) clergymen are not less capable of "speaking as a fool" than other people. When the Rev. NIGEL MADAN talked about the clergy "soiling their hands with 'sixpenny points at whist,'" he talked the kind of nonsense which makes some wise men merry, some sick, and others mad; while we do not know that the Dean of ROCHESTER, more famous as the Mr. REYNOLDS HOLE of many rose shows, was much wiser in his words. These excellent persons never seem to perceive that they are trying to set up a kind of halfway house on a slope of sixty degrees, if not in the middle of a sheer precipice. There is the safe and intelligible position—the position that the wisest men of the Christian Church have always taken—that things indifferent should be used as not abusing them; and no sane man will say that what is opprobriously called gambling (that is to say, exchanging money on events of chance) is other than indifferent if it is not abused (that is to say, if it is pursued with regard to the means, the time, and the duties generally of the player). There is, it is true, another position—that of the thoroughgoing ascetic who holds that everything except prayer, fasting, and pious exercises is of the nature of sin. But that is not the view of the Church of England, or, we may add, of reason. Between the doctrine that all things, not unlawful, are lawful if pursued in a lawful way and the opposite or Thebaid doctrine there is no medium, and the former is, we repeat, the doctrine of the Church of England and of common sense.

With the address of Mr. BALFOUR, his speech at the later meeting, and, it is fair to say, the opening sermon and subsequent speech of the Archbishop of YORK, we get into an entirely different kind of matter. Dr. THOMSON is not a prelate with whom we have invariably agreed; but he had a considerable early training in philosophical thought and writing, and the result is visible when he talks upon such matters. The puzzlement and annoyance of the usual Gladstonian at Mr. BALFOUR's appearance must have been fertile in amusement to Mr. BALFOUR himself. Gladstonian papers, not always provincial, have admitted letters asking how ministers of CHRIST can admit to their platforms persons guilty of such crimes as BOMBA the Third's. This appeal suggests a story which may have been told before, the story of the child of tender years brought up in strict Protestantism, who, on seeing some five Roman Catholics for the first time, asked in horror, "How can they look so happy when they know they're so wicked?" Others (whose knowledge of Mr. BALFOUR's philosophical standpoint is confined to the fact that he once wrote a book with "doubt" in the title) appear to confuse him with some prominent member of the army which besieged Mansoul in the *Holy War*. As these good persons have dragged politics into the question, it may not be improper to keep them to some extent to their contention, however inconvenient it may be to themselves. There is certainly a resemblance between Mr. BALFOUR's treatment of philosophico-religious and his treatment of politico-moral questions. In both respects he has displayed himself as the mortal foe of shams and of big words and of systems based on words and shams. A most

instructive, and to Gladstonians an exceedingly disagreeable, parallel might be worked out between the "cultivation of emotions at high tension towards humanity" and the cultivation of emotion at high tension towards certain other things. But we need not dwell on this part of the subject. It is sufficient to say that Mr. BALFOUR's method, in his paper, may be described as a method of bringing to book, and this is an exceedingly salutary method both in other matters and in the particular subject with which he was on this occasion dealing. There was never a day when a judicious doubt was more applicable than in the present. The severest demands of Christianity certainly, even the wildest fables of other religions, are differentiated from the antagonistic systems to which Mr. BALFOUR successively put his mild but awkward demands for the verification of their powers in one simple but constantly forgotten or slurred-over point. Religion of any kind frankly admits mysteries; the very starting-point and reason for existing of its rivals is that mysteries must not exist. And then they go on and ask us to believe that something will come of the cultivation of emotions at high tension towards humanity, that judicious manipulation of the forces of public opinion may provide a substitute for heaven and hell, that the greater good of the next generation but one is a powerful and rational motive, and that science, which confesses that it begins with the utterly unknown, and admits that it tends to the utterly unknowable, is a convenient substitute for Christian knowledge, even if that be only a knowledge in part. Every one, of course, who has ever thought with any seriousness on the subject, has anticipated Mr. BALFOUR's dealings with the astonishing *pastiche pastiche* that calls itself the Religion of Humanity; but we do not know that any one has expressed the criticism better. Nor do we think that Mr. BALFOUR and his philosophical successors were at all ill followed by the slashing common sense of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH. Dr. MAGEE was, on the whole, in one of his famous moods "wherein a curate may play with him," but not, we think, in one which would authorize the curate to take liberties. He more than hinted—what is the plain, though the impolite, truth—that the great majority of the persons who attack and who defend religion are totally incapable of doing either, and that it would behove the defenders no less than the attackers to be content with the "faith of the charcoal-burner." Mr. BALFOUR was quite free himself from the implied reproof; but we think that some other contributors to the discussion might fairly be charged with forgetting that, if religion were wholly probable in the ordinary sense, it would cease to be religion.

The divers tones, however, of the Bishop and of his companions were by no means out of harmony generally, and the very diversity was in thorough accord with the high and just claim of the Church of England, that no branch of the Catholic Church has ever excelled her in the joint cultivation of intellectual, moral, spiritual, and social graces. But the best note of the present Congress was a note which was not struck there, but which was kindly sounded by contrast from a very different assembly. While the Anglican meeting was sometimes wisely, sometimes (being human) a little unwisely, discussing at Manchester what it thought to be counsels of charity, union, and the like, this was what the Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD, President of the Baptist Union, was saying no further off than Huddersfield:—"The man in orders, the cultured ecclesiastic of the metropolis, gathered up his robe, gripped his Prayer-book, and hurried breathless to his ritual—his pigmy soul all unstirred by the miseries and woes of the squalid and vulgar traveller prostrate and bleeding on the road." This Christian application of the words of CHRIST,

which the assembled Baptists are said to have recognized at once and greeted with "Laughter" is not, as far as we can see, to be paralleled by anything said at Manchester, certainly not by anything that came from the mouth of persons in authority. And, without Pharisaism, we think that Churchmen may be proud of the difference. They may feel, indeed, with sorrow that these words express the greatest difficulty that any Church has ever had to deal with—a dissent based not on doctrinal difference, not even on points of discipline or ritual, but on the aching social and intellectual jealousy of men who cannot rise to one level and fear to sink to another. How far it was the original fault of the Church that this feeling was once created is a question which no wise Anglican can be altogether happy in answering; but it may at least be contended that the faults to which it was partly due have long been repented and amended.

#### "A WHIG! A WHIG!"

LORD HARTINGTON is a statesman of great coolness and courage; and he never displayed these qualities more conspicuously than in the little speech which he delivered on Tuesday in receiving the freedom of the Royal Burgh of Nairn. He then calmly announced that he was a Whig. Involuntarily parodying the remark of "the living skelinton" when they "shaved him," he declared himself "proud of the name." Lamenting, apparently, certain backslidings, which he did not particularize, "notwithstanding anything that may have passed in recent times in my political life, I confess," he said, "and still continue to maintain and uphold, true Whig principles." Lord HARTINGTON spoke as one of the *lapsi* among the early Christians might have done in recanting his errors, and claiming readmission to the fold of true believers. Does Lord HARTINGTON consider that the Gladstonian period of his career was a period of apostasy from the faith; and does he now renounce the heresiarchs in the past as well as in the present? Is this the passage in his political life over which he desires to draw a veil? Lord HARTINGTON's declaration interestingly illustrates that law of heredity or persistence of family characteristics which Mr. DARWIN has expounded, and which Mr. GALTON has developed in detail. HORACE WALPOLE says that on the death of Mr. PELHAM, the Lord HARTINGTON of that day, being asked by a lady of his acquaintance who ought to be Minister, could only moan in reply "A Whig! a Whig!" Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER—what is the law which brings the Christian name SAMUEL into intimate relation with the surname BUTLER?—has extended the Darwinian and Galtonian doctrine. He contends that, not only are qualities transmitted from father to son, but that each ancestor has a personal life in the organism of his lineal descendants; and that phenomena which cannot be accounted for by individual experience, mysteries of memory, and fragments of otherwise inexplicable knowledge are due to the incarnate ancestor who is personally thinking and living in his descendant. Perhaps the Lord HARTINGTON of Mr. PELHAM's time was speaking at Nairn through the lips of the Lord HARTINGTON of Mr. GLADSTONE's, and uttering the old war cry "A Whig! a Whig!"

Seventy or eighty years ago, SYDNEY SMITH, speculating on the future, looked forward to a time when the Whig would be an animal described in books of natural history, and Lord GREY's skeleton would be put together, and exhibited in some museum, side by side with other curiosities of a vanished order of things. Lord HARTINGTON is an example of the futility of this kind of prophecy. SYDNEY SMITH did not take the contemptuous view of the genus Whig which has been fashionable in later times. He was a Whig himself. He did not suppose that the order would die out like the Dodo in Mauritius, through its unsuitability to a new condition of things, in the fruitless struggle for existence of an organization ill adapted to its environment. This way of thinking, or at any rate of talking, had not come into fashion in the beginning of the present century. He believed, or pretended to believe, for the amusement or terror of Mr. ALLEN of Holland House, that the Whigs would be hunted down like the wolves in England or the Girondins in France, and would perish with the liberties of the country, martyrs to constitutional freedom. "The Court" was getting bolder and bolder, and everything was setting in for arbitrary power. In the meantime hope will not be extinguished, "and to your last gasp you

"will remain in the perennial and pleasing delusion that the Whigs are coming in, and will expire, mistaking the officiating clergyman for a King's messenger." SYDNEY, however, held that an alternative was possible. The minions of the Court and the devotees of arbitrary power might be defeated, and there would be Whigs again. It was given to him to see the Whig millennium, or rather undecennium, from 1830 to 1841, and then his contemplations and apprehensions were changed. The alternative was no longer the Whigs or despotism, but the Whigs or revolution. Lord GREY stood between the country and the popular deluge. If the Canon of St. Paul's could have foreseen that, in 1888, one of the first statesmen of his time, the representative of the House of CAVENTISH, would be holding up the Whig banner, he might have died with an exclamation on his lips the reverse of that which contemporary gossip, now dignified into historic tradition, has put into the mouth of PITT.

It is not, perhaps, desirable that living statesmen should express themselves in terms of ancient history or use an obsolete political nomenclature. If any one asks what are true Whig principles, the oracular answer may perhaps be returned that true Whig principles are those which Lord HARTINGTON maintains and upholds. There have been Whigs and Whigs—CHATHAM Whigs, ROCKINGHAM Whigs, BEDFORD Whigs, PORTLAND Whigs, FOX Whigs, SHELBURNE Whigs, GRENVILLE Whigs, and GREY Whigs, not to come down to later names and periods. It would be difficult to find anything but the name common to these several factions. Parties, like other living organizations, are best studied in their origins; and the distinction between Whig and Tory may be traced back ultimately to the distinction between Parliament-man and Royalist in the Civil War. The Tories, from the time of the Abhorers, through BOLINGBROKE and CANNING down to the days of Lord BEACONSFIELD, have magnified the monarchical element in the Constitution. The Whigs, from the days of the Petitioners, through WALPOLE and the Georgian period down to our day, have insisted on the Parliamentary element. They have, of course, often changed their ground. On the Regency question FOX was more Royalist than PITT; and on the Household question PEEL, in 1839, took up a position identical with that which GREY and GRENVILLE had maintained in the MOIRA negotiations with the PRINCE REGENT. It cannot be said that the Whigs have always represented popular principles, while the Tories represented anti-popular ones. The doctrine of the classes and the masses is of recent invention. The Parliamentary system of which the early Whigs were the champions was the mechanism by which the great aristocratic houses maintained their hold or power against the prerogative and influence of the Crown. The Toryism of BOLINGBROKE was more democratic than the Whiggism of WALPOLE. Again, there have been Whigs, like CHATHAM and SHELBURNE, and in his early days the younger PITT, who, with more popular sympathies than their fellows, have sought in alliance with the Crown and Court to strengthen themselves against the exclusive pretensions of the great houses. It is difficult to apply to existing controversies party designations which had their origin in struggles which have long been fought out. In the sense in which Whig is the antithesis of Tory it has no longer any meaning. The Whig of to-day is as much of a Monarchist as the Tory of to-day; the Tory of to-day is as much of a Parliamentarian as the Whig. The antithesis is of another sort. Whiggism, if the term is to be retained, expresses opposition to the principles of government by demagogue dictatorship; and adherence to the Parliamentary machinery in its threefold division as the ultimate tribunal of the nation, in opposition to government by plebiscites and, practically, a single Chamber. It expresses, also, the principle of obedience to laws until they shall be repealed, and to the elementary principles of morality, which cannot be repealed. It formerly contested the dispensing power as exercised by a king. It has now to set itself against the dispensing powers as exercised by Irish conspirators, lay and priestly, and preached by an English demagogue. In this lies the application of what is best in Whiggism to existing perils. But this is the attitude, not of Whigs only, but of all the supporters of the authority of law and government against sheer anarchy. The old name of Parliamentarians—the former being one of the three branches of Parliament, as opposed to the Plebiscitarianism of the Gladstonian faction—represents the essence of the dispute. We do not recommend it for popular use, because the popular

use will not be dictated to. But the principles on which Constitutionalists of all kinds, Liberal and Conservative, are at one are not happily designated by a word like that of Whig, which recalls extinct controversies.

#### MR. FURNISS ON PORTRAITS.

MR. HARRY FURNISS has gathered austerity as well as art from his Japanese studies. He has not only learnt to adorn the pages of *Punch* with some severity in the Japanese manner, but has attained to an ideal for the British portrait-painter. It is lofty, perhaps even too lofty. "A Japanese artist," says Mr. FURNISS, just after commenting on the scampish conduct of the fashionable portrait-painter, "to study a particular flower, would travel to the part of the country where it was to be found, live by the plant, watch day by day the flower grow, blossom, and decay under every condition, and mentally note each detail." This, it may be concluded, is Mr. FURNISS's ideal for the portrait-painter. It has certain advantages. It would, for instance, considerably diminish the number of portraits in the Academy; but still it is perhaps a little too high for humanity. To wait for the decay of the sitter before painting him or her would be a somewhat ghoulish proceeding on the artist's part; and then the sitter might object. It would be painful to be followed about by a portrait-painter who was watching for your decrepit age before he summed you up on canvas. On the difficulties for the painter of carrying out this severe creed it is superfluous to dwell. Mr. FURNISS illustrates them himself. He has mused under the shade of Mr. GLADSTONE's collars, and wondered at the cut of his clothes; sketched his three hats and his historical umbrella. Yet he does not feel adequate to painting his portrait. Is he waiting for Mr. GLADSTONE's—we hope very distant—decay? Even so, what shall it avail him; for did he see the growth of that grand old flower?

Mr. FURNISS made some casual observations on art which ought to bring on him a severe dose of controversy. Admirers of CONSTABLE, GIRTIN, WILSON, TURNER, may have something to say to his very sweeping judgment that English art was in reality confined to portraiture. We object to his declaration that it began in the reign of CHARLES I. He magnifies his office. Why should art be confined to painting? The builders of our cathedrals and old houses, with their stone-cutters, iron-workers, and furniture-makers, were artists, too, we opine. Indeed, Mr. FURNISS has entered into battle with many. That was an unlucky remark of his that GIORRO first planted the banner of portraiture in the world. The Egyptologists and Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE may have something to say to him. Besides, when Mr. FURNISS goes to the British Museum, if he will turn to the left sharp, and walk into the first gallery in front of him, he will find himself among portraits, not painted but carved, a good deal older than GIORRO. There is one at the end of the gallery to the right of the door which opens on the space where the Royal Academy young gentlemen flirt with its young ladies. It professes to be the portrait of the foremost man in all the world, and deserves to be what it claims. If Mr. FURNISS replies that we cannot tell whether that head is really like JULIUS CÆSAR, the Lord has delivered him into our hands. For does he not think MORONI's tailor the finest portrait in the world? Now we are not far from agreeing with him; but is he sure that there ever was a ninth part of a man who was the original of that picture? If there was, he went to his fathers long ago, about the time that English art was being founded according to Mr. FURNISS, and we cannot tell whether it is a flattering likeness or not. Besides, it does not matter in the least. If MORONI painted it to pay a bill, and made a very ordinary snip look like a prince in exile discovered by ambassadors with the scissors in his fingers, and as self-possessed as a great gentleman should be under all circumstances, the picture would none the less be a splendid picture, though MORONI laid the flattery on ever so thick. We are afraid (for the sake of morals) that it is not truth to the original which makes a portrait a great work of art. NAPOLEON was of opinion that a portrait should make a man look like what he ought to be, and perhaps that very great soldier (and scoundrel) was not far wrong. Imagination, the capacity to conceive of things beautiful, and then to fix them on canvas, is what makes paintings, portraits as

well as others, fine pictures. The sitter goes in with the rest—through the artist. That is what happens when "brush and chisel rise to the magnitude of their mission." But will they rise, as Mr. FURNISS seems to hope, when the nation has done its duty, and becomingly endowed a National Portrait Gallery? We may tempt the spirit of MORONI from the vasty deep with endowments; but will he come?

#### THE MONUMENT.

THERE be many monuments, but only one is The Monument—namely, WREN's column, erected to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666. His first sketch represented an unfluted column of the Tuscan Doric order, with flames springing out all over it, presumably in gilt bronze. At the top there was to be an immense vase, from which also flames were to rise, and on the top of all was to be a phoenix, with outspread wings. Eventually, however, the design was changed. HULSBURG, from whose print the above description is drawn, also engraved the second design. This time the column was to be fluted, and without flames, and to have on the top a statue of CHARLES II. The alternative vase, which was ultimately adopted, is shown in the margin of the plate. The phoenix was thought likely to be dangerous because of the sail the spread wings would carry in a gale, as WREN prudently observed. It was also judged that at the great height of 202 feet, to which the column rises, the phoenix would not be easily understood, especially at a distance. After six years spent in the building, the pillar was at length finished, in 1677. Some people thought that there had been too much delay; but it was accounted for by the difficulty of finding sufficiently good stone—a difficulty illustrated by the fall last Tuesday week of a portion of the floor of the platform which surmounts the capital. The inscription seems to have been made a matter of competition among the elegant scholars of the day. What was finally accepted was by Dr. GALE, the Dean of York of that time, and contains, of course, none of the offensive allusions stigmatized in POPE's *Epistles*:—

Where London's column, pointing to the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.

It contained some very grandiloquent references to CHARLES II., who was represented in Roman armour, bringing prosperity and plenty to a mourning city, with scaffoldings in the background, and hodmen undeterred from their work by a very mild and smiling lion which stood beside the King. When the inscription had been up for some four years the "Popish Plot" agitation broke out, and in 1681 an addition in Latin was made as well as a wholly new inscription in English. The Latin ran thus:—"Sed furor papisticus qui tam dira patravit nondum restituitur," according to ELMES; but CUNNINGHAM makes the last word "restinguitur." The English was an expansion of the same idea, and was severe on the "treachery and malice of the Popish faction." Naturally this imputation disappeared during the reign of JAMES II., who, it will be remembered, appointed the Lord Mayor himself. At the coming in of WILLIAM and MARY it was renewed, and was only finally erased in 1831.

The Monument is undoubtedly a fine work of art. Why WREN chose the Tuscan Doric style for his column we cannot tell, but when we compare it with its two London competitors its superiority is very conspicuous. The Duke of YORK's column, also Tuscan, by WYATT, is only 124 feet in height, and NELSON's Pillar in Trafalgar Square, of Corinthian design, by RAILTON, is 145. The railing at the top was by WREN's direction "made of substantial, well-forged worke, there being noe need, at that distance, of filed work." It was not, apparently, high enough, and in 1750 WILLIAM GREEN, a weaver, threw himself or fell from the balcony. Thirty-eight years later another suicide was reported; and in 1810 LYON LEVI, a Jew, threw himself over. From that time no suicide or accident occurred until 1839, when a girl and a boy threw themselves down, in September and October; and a girl of seventeen in August 1842. "This kind of death," says CUNNINGHAM drily, "becoming popular, it was deemed advisable to encage and disfigure the Monument as we now see it." The Monument, even more than Bow Steeple, designed in the same year, is the pride of the Cockney. When the fragments of stone from the platform fell the other day they were eagerly picked up by the crowd as relics. There is no reason to fear that the deterioration

of the building-stone is extensive; but, in any case, we shall soon know for certain, as the City Lands Committee of the Corporation have closed it to visitors, with a view to its careful and complete examination by a competent authority. The heavy traffic of the neighbourhood was enough, when it was first built, to disturb the equilibrium of the column; and we are told that the Astronomical Society gave up using it for observations on that account. Now that the traffic is tenfold greater, and that, in addition to what daily descends to London Bridge, there is the Underground Railway, with its station, appropriately named from the Monument, in Eastcheap, we cannot wonder if there is a dislocation of any loose or decayed stone. The little accident in which no one was hurt may turn out to be what the pious call a blessing in disguise.

## FRANCE.

THE approaching meeting of the Chambers in Paris promises to be the beginning of another crisis, and one not less lively than any of the half-score which have taken place within the last four years or less. All the conditions exist, and there is abundant readiness on all sides to take part in another fight. The division of the parties is as profound as ever, the internal condition of the country is disturbed, and its foreign relations cannot be satisfactory to Frenchmen of any side—or no side—in politics. M. FLOQUET has entirely failed to obtain the confidence of the Moderate Republicans, and apparently he cannot even rely on the very ardent support of the Radicals. Even with their help he would be unable to hold his ground unless the Opportunists and Moderates support him. But he has done his best to make it impossible that they should give him their help. The old hope for what is called Republican concentration has not entirely died out, but its continuance, even in a feeble state, is mainly a sign of the extraordinary tenacity of life possessed by some delusions. It was never very clear what the concentration was to mean. A Utopian dream seems to have passed through the heads of a few Republicans, and filled them with a pleasing vision of union of all men who believe in any kind of Republic for purposes of the most virtuous kind. Daylight has broken in upon most of these good people long ago. Still there is even yet a lingering hope in some quarters that as much Republican concentration could be arrived at as would suffice to form a working majority. Even this has proved in practice to be a dream. It is found that concentration would mean the surrender of one section of the party to another. Now, while one will not surrender enough, the other will give up nothing. The Radicals have shown beyond all question that, in their opinion, Republican concentration means complete supremacy for themselves. They have held on steadily, with the conviction that, however much the Opportunists might groan and protest, they would prefer yielding at the last moment to dividing the Republicans in the presence of the enemy. Hitherto their confidence has been justified. With many declarations that it was for the last time, and should not happen again, the Moderates and Opportunists have given way. After so much submission, it is rash to suppose that they will make a stand at last, but there are signs that some of them are becoming very recalcitrant. Whether they stand or yield may, however, prove to be a matter of no great moment, since it is becoming more obvious every day that the Moderates and Opportunists have by this time led one large section of their following over to the Radicals, have driven another over to the Conservatives, and frightened a third into believing in General BOULANGER. When the actual struggle begins in the country, it may be found that the Moderates have melted away and left the Radicals with their policy of mean religious persecution and small party spite to represent the Republic. A party cannot continue to efface itself, to yield to Extremists whom it professes to detest, and to allow things to be done which its principles require it to oppose, without suffering—even in France.

The nature of the opposition which the Republic has now to fight has been made very clear. If there was any doubt before as to the disposition of the Royalists to co-operate with General BOULANGER, it has been completely dispelled by the recent declarations of the Count of PARIS and the Conservative meeting at Alençon. The Count has written to thank the Duke d'AUDIFFRET PASQUIER and M. BOCHER for their speeches at a Royalist banquet. He must have known that they were accused of showing readiness to act

with the General, and he said not one word to imply disapproval of the measure. The Royalists, with the approval of their head (for the *blancs d'Espagne* cannot be considered a practical party), have decided to appeal to universal suffrage—and at present this means co-operation, tacit or avowed, with the Boulangists. At Alençon there was hardly any disguise. M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE was applauded when he declared that, finding the General's coach going on the same road as himself, he was prepared to take a lift. The Royalists have not made their minds up to this course without unwillingness or even repugnance. It must be highly displeasing to them to act not only with, but under, the hero of the famous correspondence with the Duke d'AUMALE. But strong fear and hatred of the Radicals have swallowed up all minor dislikes. They may be more than a little ashamed of what they are doing, and their organs in the press may decline to talk about it; but the decision has been taken—and, indeed, already acted on during the last triple election of General BOULANGER. The magnitude of the danger to the Republic is self-evident. At the last general election one-third of the votes were given to the Conservatives. There is no reason to suppose that they are weaker now. If, therefore, the popularity of the General is strong enough to secure him a sixth of the total vote cast at the next election—and it is not rash to suppose that it may be—a coalition between him and the Conservatives might very well result in the return of a majority which would make Republican government, as at present understood, impossible. That such an alliance would be short-lived, and lead to further confusion, is obvious enough. But these considerations afford no ground for belief that it will not be formed and acted on. The confidence of French parties that they must come to the top in any scramble is indomitable, and the General has some ground for the belief that in a welter his chance of being recognized as the necessary strong man and saviour of society is better than anybody else's.

The decree ordering the registration of foreigners has apparently been received as a proof that the French Government is taking further precautions against spies. In all probability the explanation is to be found in the recent strikes. France is notoriously short-handed. With a stationary population and a rapidly increasing capital, there is constant call for labour which cannot be supplied from native resources. The defect is made good by Belgian, German, and particularly Italian, immigration. A great majority of the 1,200,000—or, according to some accounts, 2,000,000—foreigners settled in France are day labourers. Although these strangers are useful, and their presence is made necessary by the French themselves, they are far from popular. They sometimes work for smaller wages than native workmen wish to obtain, and are therefore disliked by their own class. Some of them, mostly Belgians, took a very active share in the recent strikes, and that has made them less welcome to the employers. For some time the Socialists—for whom M. FLOQUET's Ministry has shown great deference—have clamoured for measures against the foreigners who keep down wages; for a poll-tax, if not for expulsion. The registration is probably ordered with the intention of at least seeming to comply with this demand. Many of the foreigners are doubtless men who have come into France to escape the conscription. Their competition is naturally particularly odious to labourers who have been compelled to serve themselves. As these refugees will be unable to produce the papers demanded, they may be at once expelled; and their own Governments will not feel called upon to speak for them. In this way something will be done to satisfy the native workmen, and the decree will be taken as a promise that more is to follow. There seems to be some doubt whether it is strictly legal, but it does not go beyond the practice of many Continental States. As an electioneering move, which it in all probability is, its want of strict legality will not harm the Ministers who issued it.

## BLAGUE ON THE BENCH.

THE person who can find any immediate soul of goodness in such evil things as the Whitechapel murders must be a very clever person; but it certainly does not require cleverness to discover, besides the first and most obvious, many souls of evil in them. Among these, we do not know that there is any more to be regretted than the soul which appears in certain remarks of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS at Worship Street Police-court last Tuesday. They

were as follows:—"Is it one of the common lodging-houses one hears of? Witness.—Yes, Sir. Mr. WILLIAMS.—Then tell me this. How many beds do you make up there? Witness.—Twenty-eight singles and twenty-four doubles. Mr. WILLIAMS.—By 'doubles' you mean for a man and woman? Witness.—Yes. Mr. WILLIAMS.—And the woman can take any man she likes—you do not know if the couple are married or not? Witness.—No, we do not ask them. Mr. WILLIAMS.—Precisely what I thought. And the sooner these lodging-houses are put down the better." And Mr. WILLIAMS afterwards remarked that "any woman can take any man in, and, so long as eightpence is paid, no question is asked"; that "as a magistrate he had made it his business to go over some of these places, and the sooner they are put down the better"; "that they are as unwholesome and as unhealthy to the community as can well be," and so forth.

Now we are as much alive to the rottenness in the state of London disclosed to the general—not by any means disclosed for the first time to the knowing—by the recent events in Whitechapel and its neighbourhood as any one can well be. We recognize as much as any one can the ugliness of the reproduction, as in a Seven Dials woodcut after a REMBRANDT, of a famous poem of the Russian poet NEKRASSOF, which appears in the publication of the conditions on which many of the denizens in the East End have to earn a night's rest. We are quite sure that all possible inspection and regulation of common lodging-houses which keeps certain common-sense considerations in view will be a gain to the community. But, these things granted, what idle, what loathsome claptrap Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS's remarks still are! "You do not know if the couple are married or not?" And how, in the name of HYMEN and COTYTO both, are they to know? Does Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS suppose that the *chacun avec sa chacune* who seeks the hospitality of an East-End lodging-house would scruple to say that they were married if the question were asked? Does he intend to institute a production of marriage lines, with two witnesses at hand to show that they were really issued to the couple presenting them? Does he wish that, say an honest couple tramping in search of work from the country, and married in church with all formalities twenty years before, shall be turned into the streets because they cannot comply with these formalities? If he does not suppose and propose these things, what on earth does he mean? Yet again, "Any woman can take any man in there, and, so long as eightpence is paid, no question is asked? What is that but providing immoral accommodation?" Does Mr. WILLIAMS think that, if a person went with his neighbour's wife to the first hotel in London, "questions would be asked"? Certainly the waiters and the chambermaids might take stock for Divorce Court purposes—a remarkable safeguard to morality. But what "questions are asked," in any case, beyond, at the outside, the signing of names which may be purely fancy, and, it may be, the requirement of a certain amount of luggage, at any hotel, whether the price of the "doss" is eightpence or eight pounds, from John o' Groat's to Land's End? And how, in the other case, would a person, if he presented himself with a legitimate spouse, like to be asked in her presence, "Are you married?" Yet, again, "The sooner they are put down the better." And where, O sapient magistrate! will the inmates go when you have put them down? As it is, you have a certain hold over them which might be made a very good hold. Is there to be no refuge by night but the workhouse for the waifs and strays of a population of four millions? To ask these questions is practically to answer them, and not in Mr. WILLIAMS's sense; but the answers are naturally not such as commend themselves to one who plays from the bench to the gallery.

#### HARPERISMS.

THE autumnal season is notoriously unproductive of good matter from the editorial point of view. The proud, self-contained metropolitan press has even gone so far as to term it the silly season. But out of the want springs abundance, as if to illustrate the well-known law of the undulatory progress of circumstance. The want seems to have been dreadfully trying in New York, and the supply, to judge from the monthly commentary in *Harper*, is already gratifying. From the "Editor's Study" a note of lamentation is sounded. The supply of Russian novels

has given out, and Mr. HOWELLS has to fall back on that extremely novel book by STEPNIAR on the Russian Peasantry. The situation is critical, though not without small mitigations. Spain, orthodox Spain, is still faithful to the creed of realism. The Russian drought is made just endurable by the watering-pot of Señor VALDÉS. It is the rare merit of this estimable realist that, in his latest novel, *El Cuarto Poder*—kindly rendered *The Fourth Estate*—he does not describe the seaport town of Sarrió "as if it were Salem, Massachusetts." This touching tribute ought instantly to make a Pilgrim Father of Señor VALDÉS. Altogether, it is clear we ought "to make much of" Spanish fiction, because—as Mr. HOWELLS regretfully says—"we get no more from the only country that sends us better." The want, or perhaps we should say the craving, thus caused by the drying-up of Russian novels has to be met in some sort, and it may be met by American fiction. Mr. HENRY JAMES, "prince of men" and primate of novelists, makes a very good kind of a stopgap. It would be "futile," says Mr. HOWELLS, to dispute Mr. JAMES's "primacy," especially when the primacy is not only "among fabling Americans"—like MARK TWAIN, perchance—"but among all who are presently writing fiction." Even Mr. HOWELLS shall not tempt us to anything futile. It is enough, and more than enough, to turn to his critical observation on *The Man Behind* of Mr. T. S. DENISON, the *Uncle Tom's Tenement* of Mrs. ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS, and the "lovely humour" of Miss S. O. JEWETT in *The King of Folly Island*. These works may, of course, be elect to immortality; but Mr. HOWELLS's manner of praise is likely to produce a fearfully deterrent effect upon most people in our fictionless land. His commendation of Mr. HENRY JAMES's ubiquitous industry is not less odd and uncomfortable. But "critics," we are reminded, are not the "judges" of an author. "These are the editors of the magazines, which are now the real avenues to the public." This new view of an old craft is not perhaps the most modest opinion that could issue from an "Editor's Study"; but if it deludes a single author, or terrifies a single critic, we are ready to accept the judgment.

If want afflicted the "Study," starvation may be said to have threatened the "Editor's Chair." Here, after some puerile oburgations of those wicked people who "caricature" good Mr. GLADSTONE, the theme of a wondrous moral essay is supplied by Mr. BROWNING and BUFFALO BILL, of which the only novelty lies in the conjunction. Many excellent people are strangely exercised by the problem "How to read Mr. BROWNING." These aspirants to culture have made some progress of late, or the Browning Society has laboured in vain. But in the far and boundless West, where BUFFALO BILL's Indians once roamed free in "reserves," they have altogether shamed our blushing endeavours. Our Browning Society is but a poor shade of their Browning Clubs. The cult has become occult. In one Western State there is a "Browning Club" that does not desire to be known as such, or rather did not till some inquisitive person, like the "person from Porlock," broke the spell. Mr. GEORGE W. CURTIS thinks there was some mysterious reason for this uncommon reticence in a Browning Society, as if secrecy did not become those who work in the dark. In this case, it appears, they worked in the brown. "Well, I declare, I really believe you are a Browning Club," a pragmatic guest exclaimed. And, as none of the brown ones denied it, it seems it was a Browning Club. After this it is impossible to deny that the young people of the West seek after literary culture "with an ardor and earnestness which are remarkable." They know how to read Mr. BROWNING there. If the poet, however, is more profitably studied in the States, it would seem that BUFFALO BILL is but imperfectly understood. It is difficult, perhaps, to persuade Mr. G. W. CURTIS that "Mayfair in London" is already oblivious of BUFFALO BILL, and has taken up with Roman games and other milder joys. Be this as it may, New York apparently finds novelty and refreshment in the "Wild West" show. *Harper's Monthly* contains a full and picturesque description of the whole pageant, concluding with sundry remarks on the moral tendency of the exhibition which recall ARTEMUS WARD's playful insistence on the morality of his wax-works. It was all for the good of the Indian that "one of the most reasonable and excellent of women" resented the exhibition of the Indian in all his "squalid savagery" before a civilized people. It degraded him to be made a "circus spectacle." It might degrade the civilized people, also, by stimulating the "worst dime-novel tastes and tendencies among boys." These good people

always come in and spoil the fun. The earnest and most reasonable critic is pacified, let us hope, by the words of wisdom from the "Easy Chair." "Had she seen the 'spectacle,' all would have been well. The Indian is not degraded. He rather likes it, in fact. He does not lose his dignity at Mariner's Harbour, any more than when he pranced before 'Mayfair' at West Kensington. His foot is on his native prairie, as it were, and he plays 'one of his own games,' for pure joy in the exercise. It is only the 'raw material of the Indian'—it certainly looked very raw in London—that is provided by BUFFALO BILL, 'and not that which has been already influenced in a degree by 'civilization.' If this correction does not allay the apprehensions of one of the most reasonable of women, the case, we fear, is past remedy.

#### LORD HARTINGTON AT INVERNESS.

IT would be hardly possible for two speakers, both highly effective in their way, to differ more from each other than Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; and it is an open question which of them produces the more disturbing effect upon his adversaries. They are much loudest, as we know, against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; but that may be only because his individuality is most distasteful to them, and because for various reasons, with which every one is familiar, he is more obnoxious to attack. If, however, we consider speeches alone, and not speakers, it will appear not at all unlikely that the assailant who provokes the less vehement retort has really hit the harder of the two. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN makes his points against the Gladstonians in excellent rhetorical style; as a rule, they are much more carefully barbed and polished than Lord HARTINGTON's; but, perhaps, they do not go as deeply home. There is something in the mere literary roughness of some of Lord HARTINGTON's more unstudied utterances which must in itself be most exasperating. It at once suggests the idea—for which the substance of what he says undoubtedly gives good warrant—that the charges he has to make are so damaging that there is no more need to convey them with epigrammatic grace than there is to "round the periods" of a criminal indictment. When, too, we add to this his invaluable habit of letting fall observations which are not a whit the less telling or even the less novel because they are obvious—the obvious being very often precisely that which is most likely to be passed by in an excited controversy—we reveal much of the secret of Lord HARTINGTON's power as a popular political speaker. We omit, of course, all consideration of the extraordinary weight which character lends to his utterances. In measuring him against his Gladstonian opponents one has much the same feeling about this word as Lady TEAZLE had about the word "honour" in addressing herself to JOSEPH SURFACE. It had better be "left out of the question."

At Inverness, the other day, Lord HARTINGTON was in his very best, because in his most matter-of-fact, style. Nothing could have been more characteristic of him, merely episodic as it was, than his reply to Mr. GLADSTONE's criticism of the conduct of the Liberal-Unionists for sitting in the House of Commons, either actually beside Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends or, as that eminent person elegantly put it, "with their knees in our 'backs.'" This essentially ill-bred complaint, which no other party leader within living memory would have for a moment thought of taking out of the mouths of the small fry of vulgar Radicalism, might quite excusably have provoked a severe, if not an angry, reproof from the object of it. Lord HARTINGTON, however, contents himself with this phlegmatic reply, that he and his party sit where they do, first, because the internal arrangement of the House would render it extremely inconvenient for them to sit anywhere else; and, secondly, because he has just as much right to contend that Mr. GLADSTONE and his party, by deserting Liberalism, have forfeited, if such forfeiture is possible, their own right to sit on the Opposition benches, as they have to maintain the converse proposition. Passing from this personal matter he went on to review the situation with his usual irritating simplicity of style, dwelling particularly upon the degrading results which the Parnellite alliance was producing upon the position and character of the Gladstonians. In the course of this he took occasion to disinter certain buried gems of eloquence, the exhumation of which will be welcomed by all Unionists,

and, we suspect, also by at least one distinguished Gladstonian. These were the passages in which Lord ROSEBERY deprecated alliances between English parties and the Parnellites. They would, he said, make Mr. PARNELL "the master of the situation." He would sit "enthroned with '[here insert whatever names of English party leaders may seem most appropriate]' on his right hand and 'on his left, like the chiefs in Israel, and with 80 Parnellite members behind him who have signed the blood 'pledge of his followers.'" This, Lord ROSEBERY went on to say, would "not merely strike a mortal blow at political 'liberty,' but 'involve a danger to the Empire itself.'" Thus spoke the political BENEDICK, not, of course, suspecting when he cried out upon such unholy unions that he would himself live to be just that sort of married man. We condole sincerely with Lord ROSEBERY on the recovery of his forgotten opinion; but at the same time we cannot as sincerely congratulate Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

#### THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

THE news from Afghanistan is, for the present, nil, and the Black Mountain expedition, though it has begun active operations successfully, has not yet done any serious work. But some decided steps, if only steps backward, appear to have been taken in Sikkim. There was ground for the fears which have been expressed in some quarters that the brief incursion and immediate retirement of the British troops into and from Chumbi was capable of misrepresentation; but subsequent news puts rather a different face upon the matter. If it be true that the Rajah of SIKKIM, who previously seemed rather to prefer his Thibetan to his English masters, has "come in," and that not only a Chinese envoy, but a distinguished Lama, accompanies him, a settlement of the difficulty without much further trouble becomes reasonably probable. Although there could be no doubt that the Cis-Himalayan portion of Sikkim, as an English-protected State, ought to be at once guarded by the English from foreign invasion, the presence of the RAJAH with the invaders was an awkward complication, which it may be hoped has now come to an end, and the recurrence of which may perhaps by a little manœuvring be prevented. The dual capacity of the RAJAH has been a source of trouble throughout, even from the mere physical accident of his occasional residence in Chumbi, whither it is sometimes impossible to get across the passes. This latter fact, by the way, the inconvenience whereof has been vouched for by distinguished Indian officials, supplies in itself a probable reason for Colonel GRAHAM's not being anxious to leave his forces on the other side of the mountains at such a time of year as the present. If the Thibetans can be brought to reason in any way, there will certainly be no anxiety on the part of the Indian Government to hurt their susceptibilities; but it is impossible that England can long continue indifferent to the shutting up of Thibet from the south at the very moment when another Power is making approaches of a well-known kind to it from the North.

From the other disturbed quarters of the frontier it is announced that the Hazaras refuse all offers of negotiation, and that the Black Mountain expedition has set to work, some actual brushes having taken place. From previous experience that work may not be altogether easy; but it may be hoped that something more definite will be attempted than on former occasions. It is no secret that, on some at least of these former occasions, after great displays of force, and after victories claimed, and no doubt rightly claimed, on our side, the tribes have boasted loudly of their own success, basing the boast on what seems to them, and (which is more important) to their neighbours, the infallible argument that if we had not been beaten we should not have gone away. That is not the Russian method, and until quite recently it was not our own. Now it imports very much that the inhabitants of this group of practically unknown States (so unknown that persons who perhaps do not know very much about them speak with the most confident dogmatism on the subject, and that one at least of the general terms for them—Yaghistan—has as many different acceptations as "France" had some centuries ago) should be taught that England means to have in their inhabitants either obedient foes or independent friends. It is sufficiently ridiculous that districts the chief streams of which run into the Cabul river,

either within our own territory or close to the high road from Peshawur to Cabul, should be as unknown as Laputa or Mount Alkoe. It is especially awkward when these regions lie between us and other regions, Badakshan and Wakhan, where it is very desirable indeed that we should know what is going on. The case is not at all parallel to that of the Caucasus, where it suited Russia, having gained possession of the great passes and valleys, to leave the most turbulent tribes in a condition of constantly circumscribed independence for many years. For it is exactly these valleys and passes that we have not got. We have made some impression on the north of the district by negotiation, and we may make some on the southern part of it by force; but, in one way or the other, something will have to be done if a dangerous hot-bed of disturbance is not to be kept up.

#### A CHANCE FOR MR. GLADSTONE.

IF Mr. BALFOUR needed proof of the signal success of his speech at Glasgow, he might find it in the blind fury now raging among the Parnellites at the ruthless havoc which has been wrought among the most serviceable of their political fictions. His demolition of the MANDEVILLE myth was, indeed, so complete and final, that the English division of the Separatist party seem disposed to drop the whole matter. Their references to it, at any rate, since Mr. BALFOUR's speech have been timid and hesitating to the last degree, and we suspect that, if they were left to themselves, they would quietly and unostentatiously strike Mr. MANDEVILLE's case out of the list of Balfourian "atrocities." But they ought not to be, and they shall not be, left to themselves. They are not to be allowed to blow hot and cold in these matters, and, after attempting to reap the profit, to endeavour to shirk the responsibility of circulating falsehoods. They have definitely gone into the slander business in partnership with the Editor of *United Ireland* and other of the foul libellers whom Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN had once to inform of the fact that he is "an English gentleman"—we wonder whether it ever occurs to him now to remind his new friends that this is also a description of Mr. BALFOUR—and, having gone into the slander business as aforesaid, the Gladstonians must be compelled to meet their engagements or declare themselves politically bankrupt. The particular engagement here in question is one of an exceptionally distinct and binding kind. Mr. GLADSTONE, who now informs a correspondent that he "never professed to be acquainted with the entire case," swallowed the whole lump of lies which were concocted about Mr. MANDEVILLE's death at a single gulp. He, indeed, anticipated even the ready deglutition of the Cork Coroner's jury. Before the case for the prison authorities had been so much as opened Mr. GLADSTONE took upon himself—no doubt with a thoroughly reasonable forecast of the proceedings of the singular tribunal before which the inquiry was going forward—to pronounce judgment upon it; and since the delivery of the verdict he has unreservedly associated himself with the Parnellite denunciations of everybody and anybody, whether prison official or medical expert, whose evidence opposed the theory that Mr. MANDEVILLE had been "done to death" by the CHIEF SECRETARY to the Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

Accordingly, though there is more in Mr. BALFOUR's Glasgow speech than its patient and painstaking pulverization of the MANDEVILLE myth—though it contains a very happy and effective exposure of other equally baseless, but less monstrous, legends—it is, we think, upon the exploded MANDEVILLE myth, and Mr. GLADSTONE's, and the Gladstonians' responsibility in connexion with it, and above all upon the lesson which careless and indolent Englishmen should learn from it, that public attention may be most desirably concentrated. It would be well, for instance, if we could prevail upon some of those correspondents who are so fond of interrogating Mr. GLADSTONE to frame a short series of pertinent questions upon the various statements made by Mr. BALFOUR with respect to the late Mr. MANDEVILLE, and submit them to Mr. PARNELL's distinguished junior partner, for reply, or at any rate "for remarks." There are plenty of interrogatories which might be usefully addressed to Mr. GLADSTONE in connexion with such matters as the Irish and English prison rules, their comparative stringency or leniency, the dates of and the responsibility for

their enactment; but, having regard to Mr. GLADSTONE's heavy epistolary engagements, he might be spared interrogation on these heads. It would, however, be of much interest to inquire of him whether he believes the diary which has been furnished to Mr. BALFOUR of Mr. MANDEVILLE's movements from the beginning of last April down to the 2nd of July, when he first complained of the illness which carried him off, to be an accurate account of matters; and, in particular, whether he believes it to be correct for the last fortnight of that period. If he is not prepared to contest its accuracy, it would further be interesting to inquire whether—even without the overwhelming evidence on the point of Dr. MOORE, the greatest living Irish expert on the class of diseases of which Mr. MANDEVILLE died—he is still prepared to persist in the assertion that the deceased was "an invalid whose constitution had been wrecked by prison life," and not a man "engaged in the ordinary business of the Irish agitator," and prosecuting it with an excess of activity and a lack of prudence—leaving other questions that have been raised aside altogether—which brought his life, through the operation of essentially normal and natural causes, to a premature close. If Mr. GLADSTONE should not be prepared to persist in the statement that the deceased agitator's constitution had been "wrecked by prison life"—if he admits to himself that the whole body of Parnellite charges against all and sundry with reference to the agitator are one mass of slanderous fables—then it would not be interesting to inquire whether Mr. GLADSTONE will be prepared to make honourable amends to Mr. BALFOUR, to Dr. BARR, to the Irish prison authorities, and to the other persons whose reputation he has made himself instrumental in shamefully and cruelly traducing. It would not be interesting, we say, to make this inquiry; because no interest can attach to a question of which everybody knows the answer. No man's historical conscience responds more sensitively to solicitations than Mr. GLADSTONE's; but the solicitations must come from the proper quarter—that is to say, from a solicitor.

The lesson to the unthinking part of the English public would, however, be no more valuable if Mr. GLADSTONE were to give the public a surprise by acknowledging and apologizing for his error; for even then it would be certain that he would "go and do it again," and next time not apologize. What the lighter-minded Englishman—to this day too readily credulous of Parnellite inventions—needs to bear in mind is the necessity in future of recognizing the fact that the Gladstonians have, as we have already said, gone definitely into the slander business with the original Irish members of the firm; and that they mean to assist in the circulation of falsehoods—either knowing them to be such, or deliberately abstaining from the very slight inquiry to prove them such—whenever and wherever opportunity offers. We have no right, perhaps, to complain that the average Englishman has hitherto allowed himself in some cases to be taken in. It is quite a novel experience for him—the spectacle of this partnership between an historical English party and men of the description of those who were a few years ago in the weekly habit of accusing Lord SPENCER and his then Chief Secretary of complicity with nameless crime. The English public, we say, are to be excused for failing at once to realize the fact of this partnership, and of all that it implies; but, after the lesson of the MANDEVILLE case, no such allowance can be made for them. Nor, indeed, can they be any longer excused for belief in the general imposture of which the fictitious wrong of this particular prisoner is only an incident. They have had ample opportunities of comparing the severities of a really stern repressive system with those easygoing methods of correction to which Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends have been subjected, and about which they have made such a ridiculous and unmanly outcry. If there be anybody in England who still fails to rate Mr. GLADSTONE's Neapolitan reminiscences, and the comparisons founded thereon, at their true value, he should read the letter in which the actual experiences of a prominent political prisoner under the rule of King "BOMBA" were detailed through his friend Signor BONGHI, an Italian deputy, to the English press. Any one who can compare this gentleman's uncoloured and unembittered account of his sufferings of thirty years ago with Mr. O'BRIEN's "mar-ttyrdom modified by sandwiches," and feel anything but contempt for the pusillanimity which has raised this outcry about the treatment of Irish prisoners, and the emotional effeminacy which can sympathize with and re-echo it, must have something seriously the matter

with either his understanding or his sensibilities. How conveniently these last-named functions work in the case of those Gladstonians who are most deeply moved by the "tortures" inflicted on the Irish prisoners has been well seen during the present week. Last Monday's newspapers contained reports of a certain speech delivered in Ireland in which Mr. FINUCANE, M.P., suggested to Nationalist blacksmiths a novel mode of dealing with boycotted men who bring them horses to be shod. "Drive the nails into the quick," advised the gentle Mr. FINUCANE, and his counsel was seconded by the worshipful High Sheriff of Limerick; "and they will not bring their horses to you again." Only a few days earlier Mr. MORLEY had been congratulating an audience on the more humane methods by which, according to him, the agrarian quarrel is now prosecuted in Ireland. Mr. MORLEY's attention has since been directly and personally called to this brutality of one of his present allies; but the challenge has met with no response. Nor has there fallen from a single member of that party who have wept in concert over the unbreeched O'BRIEN one word of rebuke for the inhuman advice thus addressed by their associate to a people quite barbarous enough, as they have proved themselves in countless cases, to follow it. It may assuredly be said of the Gladstonians that they have "taught the emotions to move at the command of reason." According, that is to say, as they find good party reason for the indulgence or the repression of their sensibilities, they can shudder over sham sufferings or regard incitements to the infliction of real "tortures" with complete indifference. However, the Parnellites have lately been supplying examples of incitement of another and apparently even more sinister kind. Does the mild-mannered right honourable member for Newcastle, for instance, know what Mr. O'BRIEN meant by saying at Maryborough the other day, "I do hope that Mr. TOWNSEND 'TRENCH' will never be able to boast that he can pass 'through Queen's County without a sufficient escort'?" Is this or is it not in Mr. MORLEY's opinion a suggestion to the people of Queen's County to—in plain language—shoot Mr. TOWNSEND TRENCH? And, if so, will Mr. MORLEY regard the adoption of this suggestion—if it should be adopted—with "sombre acquiescence"?

#### THE BABY-FARMING CASE.

THE Coroner's jury who have been making inquisition into the death of ISAAC ARNOLD, otherwise JOHN BAILEY, aged six months, have found a verdict natural enough, and perhaps inevitable under the circumstances, but nevertheless profoundly unsatisfactory. It was to the effect that the deceased died "through natural causes in accordance with the medical evidence," the jury adding that the conduct of Mrs. ARNOLD throughout the inquiry had been very reprehensible and deserved severe censure; and appending thereto the following rider:—"We hope the depositions will be sent to the Public Prosecutor, and we are quite agreed that the Act should be re-constructed as proposed by the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Coroner." The transmission of the depositions to the Public Prosecutor may probably result in the institution of proceedings for perjury against Mrs. ARNOLD. But even a prosecution of this person to a conviction upon that charge would afford but a very inadequate guarantee of protection to future JOHN BAILEYS of the age of six months. The so-called "natural causes" to which the unfortunate infant owed his death in this case would continue to operate in like cases with all the majestic uniformity which distinguishes the processes of Nature and with the customary fatal effects for those who happen to get in her way. Future high-priestesses of Nature of the type of Mrs. ARNOLD may be more circumspect in their mode of giving evidence, and if they should be effectively warned by the danger to which she has exposed herself, we really see no reason why an indefinite number of JOHN BAILEYS should not succumb to "natural causes" of the same kind in the future. On the contrary, unless the law is amended, we see every reason to believe that this is exactly what will in fact happen.

It is for this reason that we regard the rider to the verdict as more worthy of attention than the severe censure of Mrs. ARNOLD. It was conceived in the sense of the Coroner's observations in summing up, and will, we hope, direct the eye of the legislator on the look-out for subjects to the present state of the law in the matter. The case

has, as Mr. BRAXTON HICKS says, revealed the existence of "a most pernicious system of 'sweating' infants, for it can be called nothing else, of which Mrs. ARNOLD was the head." Her practice was to take children with a premium, and then put them out to hire to see how much she could make out of the transaction. She had taken as many as twenty-four children in this way, and the Coroner had no doubt, he said, that, if they could have obtained the necessary clues, they would have discovered that there were cases nearly all over the country. It is clear in these circumstances that the Infant Life Protection Act of 1872 is ineffective; and the Metropolitan Board of Works did, in fact, suggest as long ago as 1884 that the Act should be extended, and that parents should not be relieved of their responsibility by the payment of sums of money to the people who undertook to adopt their children. The Coroner urges the amendment of the Act of 1872 on these lines, and would further make it an offence to take for hire or reward any infant under the age of seven years, unless such person was registered under the Act, or unless the particulars of the agreement or undertaking entered into between the parties to the transaction were registered by the local authority under such Act. It is certainly essential that some change in the direction of greater stringency should be made in the existing law, which, even if it were effective to begin with—as is doubtful—has been left behind in the inspiring march of human progress, and the application of man's ingenuity to the arts of life—and death. The introduction of the sweating system into baby-farming is a triumph of this species of ingenuity; but the social results of that system, even when nobody suffers from it but the sub-contractors, are not encouraging. When the subject-matter of the sweating contract is itself an animate object and liable to be starved in company with, or even in substitution for, the sub-contractor, it is certainly time for the Legislature to interfere.

#### THE EAST-END MURDERS.

THE intolerable quantity of gush and vague speculation which has been poured out on this disgusting subject has very materially increased its natural loathsomeness. The foolish letter-writer is, of course, to the fore, as he always is when any conspicuous event and the silly season combine to give him a chance. He is a common evil, but in this case he is, in addition to being foolish, inexpressibly nasty. The papers are deluged with speculations as to the character, motives, and methods of a creature about whom we know, and as yet can know, nothing. A crowd of persons who have political or journalistic business to look after are actively at work. The whole makes a sufficiently sickening brew. Persons who are sure that "society" is to blame because it does not provide comfortable lodgings at the public expense for wretched women who prefer prostitution in the streets to the casual ward, are jostling with others who are allowed to inflict on the world their blind guesses at the moral and intellectual condition of an animal they have never seen. Along with them are virtuous journalists eager for a "campaign" or a "subject" or a "series," and political gentry who see a chance of upsetting the HOME SECRETARY or the COMMISSIONER of POLICE or both. It is unhappily useless to protest against the publication of offensive details. The public, according to certain authorities who have their profit to make, has a right to know all, and newspapers need copy. With a very grandiose parade of zeal and public spirit the nasty traffic goes on—disgusting in itself, and made ten times more disgusting by the mouthing hypocrisy of the traders.

Of the murders themselves no word shall be said here. But indirectly they have an interest which is clean. They have led to attacks on the management of the police and the conduct of the HOME SECRETARY. These are matters which may be commented on with some prospect of a useful result. Sir CHARLES WARREN disposed in his letter published last Thursday of many of the charges brought against his management of the police. He has denied that constables are moved from district to district so frequently as to prevent them from acquiring a proper knowledge of their beats. In this respect there has been no change in the system followed for the last twenty years. The Whitechapel Board of Works, which had thought fit to censure him, must feel the force of his remark that the police are not responsible for the bad lighting of the district. No answer can be made to his warning that no strengthening of the

police force can altogether prevent outrages, "so long as the victims actually, but unwittingly, connive at their own destruction." On this point there is some need for plain language. No single one of the women who have been so shockingly murdered need have lost her life if she had not preferred the excess of degradation to entering the work-house. It is impossible to watch every alley, every dark corner of a great city, and if miserable women will put themselves at the mercy of casual strangers they will occasionally fall victims to outrage. To be sure this touches a large and not a pleasant subject; but we would ask the sentimentalists to remember that, if women of the prostitute class are peculiarly defenceless, the fault rests very largely with those who have always resisted the establishment of proper police supervision. We could wish that Sir CHARLES WARREN's defence of the detective department was as satisfactory as his demonstration that the patrol work of the police is not neglected. Unfortunately there is an actual, though doubtless unwitting, irony in his words when he says that the public ignorance of the action of the detective department "is only the stronger proof that it is doing its work with secrecy and efficiency." The soundness of the general principle is beyond question. The detective must work in secret; but, unfortunately, we do not only not see him toiling, which is as it should be, but we see so few results of his toil. The list of undetected murders in London is now a long one, and we decline to accept the fact that we are unaware of what the detectives have been doing as a proof of their efficiency. It really looks too much as if they had been doing nothing to any purpose. The parallel attack which has been made on Mr. MATTHEWS is largely inspired by the feelings which have led to the attack on the police, but in this case the criticisms have been better justified. The HOME SECRETARY has unfortunately again shown the want of tact which led him into trouble over the CASS case. Whether the practice of offering rewards is a good or a bad one, Mr. MATTHEWS might have reflected that it was more important to satisfy the public that the utmost was being done, even at some risk of promoting perjury, than to adhere to an official decision of no considerable standing. Moreover, he must know that we are all very well aware that, since rewards ceased to be promised, there has been no obvious increase of efficiency in the detective department.

#### THE FORTH BRIDGE.

**A**MONGST all the colossal remains of antiquity there are perhaps few that appeal more to the imagination than those magnificent aqueducts which in the South of Europe crossed hills and plains and valleys in stately tiers of arches. Men whose taste is too crude to appreciate the delicacy of proportion and the refinement of line of a Greek temple are impressed with the grandeur of conception and the strength of execution of these great engineering works. Even the dullest mind is awed at the sight of a structure which once carried one river over another hundreds of feet above it. And the very mass of the material employed (often clumsily) calls up pictures of the vast organization and of the great number of toilers who, without any of our modern appliances, piled these gigantic blocks of masonry, each squared and set with perfection. The modern engineer has not the same artistic opportunities. It is true that he has to perform more daring feats, to span larger spaces, to calculate for heavier strains. But he has in almost everything that he does to consider, first of all, the question of dividends, so that he is altogether prevented from being swayed by artistic considerations. There are some brilliant exceptions however. Waterloo Bridge is probably the finest work of its kind in the world. There are many railway viaducts, especially in countries where stone abounds, which a few centuries of decay would clothe with a venerable charm that would make them worthy rivals of the great Roman aqueducts. And here and there there are bridges, such as that of the North British Railway over the Tweed at Berwick, in which the designer has combined grace of form with the sterner qualities of its mechanical requirements.

In modern engineering works, however, actual artistic quality is scarcely ever considered; and the changes which the hand of Time will produce are either triennial renovation at the painters' hands, or a slovenly and rusty decay, leading to a miserable and ignominious collapse. Such are the great works which a more complete understanding of the qualities of iron and steel is leading our great engineers to erect. In them men like Mr. Ruskin see nothing but shame to the country which tolerates them, and usurious wickedness in the shareholders who do or do not get interest on the money invested in them. But others, even those who follow the great critic with delight into the paradise of architectural splendour through which he leads them, touching his favourite pieces with the rosy light of his own glow-

ing language, have still some space left in their imaginations for a keen appreciation of the poetical side of the modern engineer's work. The space that has been devoted in the papers during recent weeks to the accounts of the racing of rival express trains was allotted by shrewd editors, not merely because of the silly season, not because the convenience or the pockets of a few of their readers were affected, but because the poetic feelings of the public are stirred by accounts of locomotives and waggons being driven at seventy miles an hour. There is nothing of a very high order in this feeling, but it is certainly to some extent artistic. There is a side in the great development of mechanical science which is not purely mechanical. Emotions of an æsthetic nature are undoubtedly stirred in most human breasts by the exhibition of vast forces, utilized and controlled with almost microscopic exactness.

It is probably this feeling which makes the bridge now being constructed over the Forth at Queensferry so popular among sightseers, most of whom are totally incapable of grasping the principles of its construction. No one could ever describe it as being beautiful in the ordinary sense of the word, either in its present incomplete form, or as it will be, when ready for traffic. And those who live in its neighbourhood may have a just cause of complaint that it has spoilt much of the picturesque appearance of the scenery which surrounds it. But scenery as picturesque can be found elsewhere, whereas the structure is at present unique, and is as impressive as it is solitary. The whole length of it is rather over two thousand six hundred yards, and the highest points of the three piers are three hundred and fifty feet above high-water mark. The main part of it will consist of two enormous spans, measuring seventeen hundred and ten feet (a third of a mile) each. The bases which support the framework resting, one near the north side, one near the south side, and one close to the island of Inchgarvie, each consist of four great cylindrical granite pillars, rising just out of the water. The best way to picture it to one's mind is to imagine four great pairs of lazy tongs, which diminish in size towards the further ends, and which are stretched out from these piers across the sea to a distance of six hundred and eighty feet, a good deal more than halfway across the Thames at Westminster. The big end of the lazy tongs (or the distance between where the thumb and finger would be) is three hundred and fifty feet in height, and the little end is one hundred and fifty feet above the sea. One of these great lazy tongs starts from each of the granite pillars, and they are tied together in couples back to back, so as to look like pairs of enormous brackets, balancing each other at their big ends, and stretching out their small ends unsupported over the water. But these great cantilevers, even when finished, will not meet, and there will still remain a length of three hundred feet between them. This will be bridged over by a latticed girder, whose ends rest on the extreme points of the lazy tongs.

When finished, these spaces will look as if they had been to some extent constructed on the principle of the arch, which will give them to the ordinary eye an appearance of security, which, indeed, they no doubt possess, but from a different cause. But as they stand now the effect is almost magical. They are actually being built out in space. Bit after bit is being added to them with no support from scaffolding, and with nothing but the ebb and flow of the tide at a dizzy distance below. As the work proceeds cranes are moved onwards, and with their arms hanging over the edge haul up plate after plate to be screwed on to what has already been fixed. On the end of these arms men sit directing the movements of the various portions of the cranes as may be required. An ordinary arch, of whatever material it is built, has to be made on a framework or centering to support it until complete, when the wedge shape of its component parts prevents it falling in. But here a thing, which looks in shape from below like an enormous arch of iron framing, large enough to very much more than cover the longest bridge in London, and strong enough to carry two trains, is being pushed out day by day from each end, as a barber sticks out his pole at his shop door. The best way to realize this extraordinary peculiarity is to walk along the top of this enormous bracket, stretching out hundreds of feet. It is then impossible not to think that as one advances the mere weight of the human body will not overbalance the whole structure and upset it into the sea. In reality the weight is less in proportion than that of a fly walking along a gas bracket.

In the case of all large structures, architectural or engineering, when the object of the spectator is to obtain some idea of their immensity, he should attempt to take measure by some familiar objects, themselves large enough to be easily comparable with the whole. It is no mere useless bit of information that the ball at the top of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral will hold twelve people, or that the pen of St. Luke in the dome of St. Peter's at Rome is six feet in length. The human eye requires every assistance it can get in conveying a sense of bigness; and the skill of the architects of great buildings may be to some extent judged by whether they have succeeded or not in giving the spectator an impression of size at his first glance. In the case, for instance, of St. Peter's, it is a common remark of the ordinary visitor that it is so well proportioned that it does not look its size. This is a curious view. Why should any one go to the expense of a big building in order that it may look as if it was a little one, unless there is some utilitarian object to be gained? The particular reason why St. Peter's almost invariably conveys this impression of disappointing insignificance at first sight is the fact that it is designed with its parts few and large,

instead of more numerous and smaller. It is as if it had been intended to be half its size, and had then been increased by calling six inches a foot on the scale of the plans. In a much greater degree the same is true of a building like the Forth Bridge. From many points of view it is an intellectual effort to realize its dimensions. One has to go round about its piers in a boat and look at the great steel tubes, to force oneself to realize that they are twelve feet in diameter, although from a distance they seem to be but the size of a ship's mast. One has to think of these structures, which look like mere scaffolding, as being made up of members each as large in section as the floor of a room.

If, however, a general view of the bridge requires calculation and familiarity for the full appreciation of its scale, this is certainly not the case when the spectator moves about amongst the struts and ties, piers and braces. The sense of bigness is then forced upon the mind at every point. Standing on the platform at the base of the piers, and looking upward, one sees the pillars of steel stretching away apparently indefinitely, and the great curved underside of the cantilevers reach out till it seems as if no force that human skill could devise could hold them up. But the most impressive thing of all, perhaps, is being raised in an iron cage by a wire rope which looks like a mere thread in comparison with the surrounding masses of iron. Looking up, the holes in the various platforms through which the lift has to pass seem like the joints of a telescope seen from the wrong end, and one wonders how the big cage, which holds ten people, is to pass through the square aperture, which seems to be the size of a pin-hole, above. But as the lift ascends the holes seem to grow, and one steps out onto the top platform over a space through which a glimpse can be caught of the engine which has hauled up the lift, looking like a toy thing, three hundred and fifty feet below. Nor is the sensation experienced when standing on the top platform in any way disappointing. One gets all the correct feelings of things below looking as small as they ought. Even H.M.S. *Devastation* seems as if it might be purchased, with great advantage, as a present to a nephew with a promising mechanical turn. But the peculiarity of standing on this height, as compared with church towers and other elevated places of interest frequented by tourists, is the fact that one is standing on a few temporary boards laid across an open framework. There is a sense of the stresses and strains, of the tensions and compressions, which all these great iron muscles are subject to. And he would be an idiot who did not feel that great engineering works such as this have a poetry all their own.

But our eyes turn towards Midlothian, and we are touched, not because it is the political resting-place of the Grand Old Man, nor because beneath us lie the "policies" of his great local supporter, but because we have realized that an humble hostelry, which lies almost under the shadow of the great bridge, is the "Hawes Inn." And the landlord of the "Hawes Inn" was the veritable man who inherited the plea of "Hutchinson against Mackintoshin," "Hawes Flys," or "Queensferry Diligences," still run. But they no longer run from Mrs. Macleuchar's "laigh shop," nor have they as a rule "three yellow wheels and a black ane," nor, alas! do they contain a Monkbar. But we cannot help asking ourselves what Mr. Oldbuck would have thought if, during his memorable drive in that parti-coloured vehicle with his folio "Sandy Gordon" under his arm, he had gone to sleep for a hundred years. We think that he might have dropped his "Sandy Gordon" with all his Roman antiquities into the sea, and in his bewilderment have even tipped the ostler. Or perhaps he might have more philosophically wondered whether, two thousand years hence, a new Sandy Gordon might arise to speculate on the origin of some strange circular submarine buildings in the estuary of the Forth, the purpose of the erection of which was a matter of embittered controversy amongst the antiquaries of that day.

#### THE SEPARATIST'S LAST SHIFT.

**D**ESPITE the common trick of declaring disgust at speeches on well-worn topics—a trick, by the way, which is more convenient to rogues than to honest men—the three speeches by more or less distinguished Separatists which were made on Saturday and Monday will provide very appetizing reading, indeed, to any one whose palate is a political one. The most interesting, of course, as it is the longest, or at least the most reported, is Mr. John Morley's at Ipswich. Like all Mr. Morley's utterances, in an increasing degree for some years past, it reminds one of the profane description of a certain service of the Church that it begins with "Dearly beloved" and ends with "Amazement." Every one, we think we may say, who knows Mr. Morley likes him; the very bailiff who, metaphorically speaking, has to "take" him for his frequent political sins is fond of him. Many people, we think we may say further, who do not know Mr. Morley, and who dislike his political and other opinions very strongly indeed, admire his great and versatile literary talent, and the steadfast pluck which he has shown in endeavouring to adopt a manner and a career—the manner and the career of politics—to which he most assuredly was not in any sense born. But not the less must any one who knows the facts and can reason on them plunge to the extremest depths of possible amazement when he reads Mr. Morley's speeches, and especially his more recent speeches, on the Irish question. We

say his more recent speeches, because, while he contented himself with developing his celebrated policy of "taking it lying down," a severe logician could not greatly blame him. It was not heroic, but it was exceedingly human. Somehow or other we have heard but little from Mr. Morley lately of the policy of taking it lying down. Perhaps it was found that the advice was not exhilarating to Englishmen; perhaps Mr. Gladstone's Irish masters told him to tell Mr. Morley that they did not relish being represented as strong thieves and sturdy beggars, to whom a wise but pusillanimous man will give what they want for mere "funk's" sake. At any rate, Mr. Morley has become of late much more chary of his favourite argument; and as, such as it was, it was the one ewe-lamb of argument that existed on the Separatist side, we must say that it is sorely missed.

But, though it is very easy to note the absence of this in Mr. Morley's speech, it is not nearly so easy to describe what has taken its place. The most dominant note in Mr. Morley's utterance was dissatisfaction with that stream of tendency in the universe which permits the existence of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Morley puts the most reproachful questions to Mr. Chamberlain. "Were we place-hunters then?" asks he, pathetically, in reference to a certain Round Table transaction. It is a mournful and a touching inquiry; but clearly Mr. Chamberlain has only got to reply that he leaves it to his good friend Mr. Morley's conscience to answer. Personally we believe Mr. Morley to be quite incapable of place-hunting, and we should prefer to describe his conduct and that of his friends, from their revered chief to the veriest alkali-seller who talks of "dear John Dillon," as the conduct of persons who forgot that they were behaving just like place-hunters, and uncommonly maladroit place-hunters, too. It is, of course, interesting to know that Mr. Morley has not forgotten an exceedingly recondite poem of Mr. Browning's about a lost leader. Still, considering how very pat that poem comes to Unionist opinion of the conduct, not indeed of Mr. Morley himself, but of Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and not a few others in regard to Irish Nationalism, it might have been wiser to let the venerable quotation repose in the oblivion to which, no doubt, it would otherwise have been consigned. But Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Morley must be left to fight out this little friendly quarrel. In any case, it hardly has much to do with the matter whether Mr. Chamberlain is a Girondist and Mr. Morley a Jacobin, or *vice versa*. But there is one little sentence in Mr. Morley's speech which we own does surprise us. It is this:—"Mild imprisonment! I'm not sure that Mr. Mandeville found imprisonment mild." A most harmless little sentence, is it not? for neither Mr. Morley, nor we, nor any man, can be sure that Mr. Mandeville found imprisonment mild. But Mr. Morley, who is a very clever man, must have known that "silly Suffolk"—the silly part of Suffolk, that is to say; for all Suffolk is not silly—would take this phrase as an endorsement on his part of the common chatter about Mr. Mandeville's martyrdom. And though Mr. Morley, very clever man as he is, could not on Saturday have read Mr. Balfour's Monday speech, there was nothing in that speech which was not already known to every one who reads his newspapers with open eyes, even if he has not been Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is the fact of course—it has long been known to be the fact—that the disease of which Mr. Mandeville died could not possibly have originated in prison, that he left prison in robust condition, that for months he went about the country to convivial and political meetings of all kinds, and that to charge his death on the Government is exactly as reasonable as it would be to charge on Mr. Morley the death of any of his friends who might die by poison six or seven months after Mr. Morley had asked him to dinner. Yet we see that, though Mr. Morley does not emulate the audacious and mendacious inventiveness of his great chief and others on this matter, he indulges in an innuendo which will make yokels and fools believe that he agrees with them. Now this, we fear, is not a pretty thing.

For the other two speeches, that of Sir Charles Russell at Lowestoft and that of Mr. Fowler at Wolverhampton, much smaller notice will suffice. Sir Charles Russell thinks it "must be difficult for a gentleman to make" such a speech as Mr. Chamberlain's; for Mr. Chamberlain seems to have hit them all very hard indeed. But then it is so difficult to know what a gentleman will do. Some of us may think that a gentleman, for instance, who is in office under Her Majesty, and derives large profits therefrom, would have very sharp ears to hear the hissing of the Queen's name at a public dinner. Others may not. And Sir Charles further thinks that it is just as absurd to condemn the people of Ireland for outrages as the people of London for the Whitechapel butcheries. Yes; and the people of London of course approve the Whitechapel butcheries, while the people of Ireland notoriously disapprove the agrarian outrages? It is an interesting thing to observe the exact gauge which a speaker must have taken of the mental calibre of his audience when he addresses to them an argument like this about Whitechapel; and we should be a little curious to see how Sir Charles would deal with it if a learned brother on the other side had used it, and he, Sir Charles, had the right of reply. As for Mr. Fowler, he is a very able official and debater who for reasons which he doubtless understands has cast in his lot with the Gladstonian party. But he seldom strikes hearers or readers as talking purely party politics either with much understanding or with much conviction, and most assuredly there was no sign of much of either in his references to the Irish question on Monday. The sacred wrath with Mr. Chamberlain which consumes the breast of Mr. Morley, the indignation at

the ungentlemanliness of the member for Birmingham which afflicts that eloquent lawyer Sir Charles Russell, do not appear to trouble Mr. Fowler much. He seems to be chiefly panting for a Conservative or Unionist Home Rule Bill, with many clauses, over which he can exert his peculiar talents, as he has just done in the case of Mr. Ritchie's measure. The ruling passion—in this case for clauses—has seldom been more curiously illustrated than in Mr. Fowler's laborious comparison, bit by bit, of one plan which we have been told on the best authority is dead with another which cannot be said to have ever had any life. But we are afraid that this comparison, though a very pretty piece of exhibition of that talent of the committee-debater of which Mr. Fowler has given so many useful proofs, does not quite justify him in pronouncing certain Unionists' expressions to be "nonsense." It is not nonsense to object to making Dr. Tanner and Mr. O'Brien masters of Ireland. It is not nonsense to say that moonlighting shall not be allowed to carry political measures. It is not nonsense to forbid the re-creation of anything like the Ireland that was a thorn in England's side during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century. But it may well seem so to Mr. Fowler, who sees in midnight assassination and sedition at noonday the means of attaining "the perfect stature of a free and prosperous people." It would be particularly interesting to ask Mr. Fowler whether the practice of driving nails into the quick of horses' feet, as recommended by priests, sheriffs, and other Nationalist dignitaries in Ireland (see *Times* of Wednesday), will be helpful in adding this cubit to the stature of the Irish nation.

But the fact is that all Gladstonian speakers and writers from the lowest to the highest cover themselves with this one last shift—the absolute falsification or the audacious ignoring of fact. Mr. Morley, as we have seen, winks at, if he does not openly endorse, the known and proved falsehoods about the martyrdom of Mr. Mandeville—falsehoods which rest upon the ravings or the calculated folly of certain Irish agitators and the desire for self-advertisement of a person in the North of England who has lived upon Mr. Mandeville's death in matter of notoriety for some months past. Mr. Fowler, as we have seen, thinks that houghing and burning cattle, driving nails into the feet of horses, shooting old men in the legs, and so forth, are the appointed means of attaining a perfect moral and political stature. As for the rank and file of the party, it seems impossible for them to preserve even the semblance of accuracy. In past history they are perhaps safe enough, for who reads history? People examine and are examined in it, but those of us who read it may be counted by units. And so a parallel between Manchester and Mitchelstown is gravely made (with, as far as Manchester is concerned, a misstatement in almost every sentence), the fact being that the parallel, such as it is, tells hopelessly against the Separatists. For at "Peterloo" the authorities behaved very badly, the people tolerably well; at Mitchelstown the people behaved abominably, and the authorities, if not with perfect judgment, yet very fairly. But what does it matter to Gladstonians? *Mentire fortiter* is their motto; and, to do them justice, they live up to it—in a way which we wish were imitated by other men with other mottoes.

#### MR. GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

IN the course of an eventful and remarkable career in many fields of enterprise Mr. William Gifford Palgrave, whose death was telegraphed from Monte Video on Monday, achieved distinction of the rarest and most honourable kind. Since 1884 he had held the post of Minister and Consul-General to the Republic of Uruguay, the last of many positions of responsibility he had filled in the diplomatic service. These official experiences, however, by no means embrace the whole of Mr. Palgrave's work as diplomatist, and are quite secondary to the fame he gained as traveller and explorer, by his extraordinary knowledge of Oriental languages and peoples, and as author in more than one department of literature. The man of action and the scholar have seldom been so felicitously united as in Mr. Palgrave. The barest chronicle of his memorable and adventurous life is full of fascination. He was born in 1826, the second son of Sir Francis Palgrave, the distinguished historian. Like his elder brother, Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, he was educated at the Charterhouse, where he obtained a scholarship in Trinity College, Oxford. Here, at the age of twenty, he took his First Class in Classics, and Second Class in Mathematics. Leaving the University, without attempting further honours, he entered the army, and for a brief period served as lieutenant in the Bombay Native Infantry. While in India he became associated with the Jesuits; and, abandoning the profession of arms, entered the Order as a priest. For many years he travelled in various parts of Southern Asia, and finally settled, so far as the locomotive disposition of so inveterate a wanderer permitted, in Palestine and Syria. In Syria he prosecuted that searching study of the language, customs, and religion of the Arabs which, in his famous journey through Arabia, proved so fruitful to the explorer, and preserved him on one occasion from assassination. In 1860 he was invited to France, by the Emperor Napoleon, to report on the massacres in Syria; and the result of this conference was the return of

Mr. Palgrave to the East, entrusted with the perilous undertaking of a voyage of inquiry through Central Arabia. Though the ostensible aim of this mission was connected with the Syrian massacres, its objects appeared to most people, and perhaps may still appear, not altogether free from mystery. The relations between the fanatical tribes of Central Arabia and their co-religionists in Syria were but little known at the time, and the French Government was naturally anxious to obtain information.

The employment of Mr. Palgrave was certainly an extremely happy idea. Through his remarkable knowledge of the language and the people, and not less through the confidence that resulted from so thorough an equipment than by his personal audacity, adroitness, and perseverance, Mr. Palgrave was enabled to pass unharmed through a country abounding in perils, and then practically unknown to Europeans. The hardihood of the venture is rendered more striking by the conscientious scruples of the traveller, which forbade the assumption of any religious garb as a disguise. During his journey from Petra into Muscat he was once suspected by an Arab potentate and accused of being an Englishman, and on another occasion was presented with a letter addressed to the ruler of Riad, in which his death was urgently advised. This unpleasant document was, happily, destroyed by Mr. Palgrave while on the road to Riad. The record of these travels and adventures, published in 1865 under the title *Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia*, is one of the most interesting and alluring works in the literature of travel. The stories of the old navigators in the Hakluyt Society reprints are not more delightful than this enchanting book. It will long continue to enthrall not merely all descriptions of men who gratify the passion for exploration, but those other enthusiasts also who are compelled, like Brockden Brown, to stay their yearning for perilous lands forlorn by an affectionate study of ancient maps and books of voyages. The romance in it is a perennial attraction. After the publication of this work, Mr. Palgrave was appointed to various consular posts in the West Indies, Asiatic Turkey, and Bulgaria between 1866 and 1878. During this period he published *Essays on Eastern Questions*, *Hermann Agha*, and *Dutch Guiana*—all three being notable productions in strongly divergent paths of literature. A purer or sweeter idyl of youth's first and perfected love it would be difficult to find than the love-story enshrined in *Hermann Agha*. It is compacted of the very spirit of romance, without the least taint of alloy. There is no void in the artistic presentment. The purity and beauty of the romantic conception suggests the author's initiation into the visionary orient of the poet, where he on honeydew had fed and drank the milk of Paradise. Through these qualities *Hermann Agha* is separated from all other modern Oriental stories, just as the humour, the gaiety, and invention of Morier make the isolation of *Haji Baba* complete. The diplomatic service can boast of few such triumphs as these.

#### NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

THE very dull day's racing with which the autumn meetings at Newmarket were opened seemed even duller by contrast with the exciting week's sport that had preceded it at Manchester. Some of us can remember the days when the very idea of comparing racing at Manchester with racing at Newmarket would have been scornfully derided; but times are changed. Tame as was the first day at the First October Meeting, the first race, in which Dornoch, Ripon, and Grerville were only separated by heads, was a very pretty one. Nevertheless, even this close finish was scarcely to the taste of good sportsmen, as none of the placed horses ran generously, and Ripon swerved badly in descending the hill. The Buckingham Stakes of 900*l.* was little better than a farce, as Donovan won as he liked from his opponent, Prince Soltykoff's Unrefined, a filly that had been beaten for each race for which she had hitherto run. At first sight, it seemed wonderful that her owner should care to pay the difference between the forfeit and the full entrance—150*l.*—for running his filly against Donovan without any allowance in the weights. Donovan, however, did not oppose her owner's colt, Gold, for the Boscawen Stakes, an hour later, so Gold simply walked over for the 600*l.* Laureate, to whom we shall have to refer presently, beat Ormuz and a large field for a two-year-old Nursery Handicap. The Duke of Beaufort's Réve d'Or had run so badly for the Manchester and Ascot Cups this season, that it was supposed she had lost her form, so Lord Hartington's unlucky colt Isoceles was made an equal favourite for the Triennial Produce Stakes. The race was run over the long Ditch in course, and Réve d'Or won very easily, although by only half a length. The Duke of Portland's Ayshire, with 7 lbs. more to carry than any of his competitors, won the Great Foal Stakes of 1,000*l.* pretty easily from Grafton and Surbiton, bringing up his winnings in stakes to 16,250*l.*

On the Wednesday, the Duke of Westminster won the Zetland Stakes with Rydal, one of his Bend Or colts, that had already won the Findon Stakes at Goodwood. Sir Frederick Johnstone's Simonia, by Peter, had won the only race for which she had started, and she now won a sweepstakes very easily from three opponents; so, if sound, she must have been sold at a reasonable price when she was knocked down for 520 guineas after the

race. Sir George Chetwynd's Cedar beat Yard Arm, the first favourite, by a neck at 8 lbs. for the Granby Plate for Two-year-olds; and in the same race the smart filly Seclusion, who had won more than 2,000*l.* in stakes, only ran fourth, with 10 lbs. extra. The Great Eastern Handicap brought out a field of fourteen, and was considered a very open affair; for five horses were backed within a point of the same odds. The race was won by one of these, Sir Robert Jardine's Wise Man, the winner of the Union Jack Stakes of 757*l.* at Liverpool. He was receiving 34 lbs. from Galore, who is of the same age. On the other hand, he was giving a stone to Renown, who had won a race at Gosforth Park. That exceedingly lucrative colt, Donovan, picked up a few more hundreds without difficulty in the Hopeful Stakes. Backers had a good day until the last race, when they laid 2 to 1 on Lord Falmouth's Rada, the winner of a Triennial at Ascot and the Goodwood Cup. In the former race she had beaten the winner of the Eclipse Stakes at weight for sex, and in the latter she had beaten Timothy by some twenty lengths. It seemed reasonable enough therefore to lay odds on a filly who had shown such form; yet the race was won by Sir George Chetwynd's Grafton, while Benburb, who had been unplaced to Rada at Ascot, ran him to a head. 100 to 1 had been laid against Benburb at the start; so backers were altogether in the wrong.

The Grand Duke Michael Stakes on the Thursday fell to the share of Prince Soltykoff's Sheen, and the October Handicap was won with ridiculous ease, by thirty lengths, by the third favourite, Sir R. Jardine's Wise Man, the winner of the Great Eastern Railway Handicap of the previous day. He had so thoroughly beaten all his antagonists in the Abington Bottom that most of them were pulled up. Odds were laid on Prince Soltykoff's Cherry Bounce for the Triennial Produce Stakes for two-year-olds, as she had run second to Sweetbriar for the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood. The race, however, was easily won by the Duke of Westminster's Ormuz, a chestnut colt by Bend Or. By some critics he was called level and powerful, and by others short and cobby. His victory of course did honour to Laureate, to whom he had run a bad third when receiving 6 lbs., on the Tuesday. He was ridden by Tom Cannon, who rode four winners in the course of the afternoon. For the Zetland Biennial Post Stakes 5 to 2 was laid on Orbit. The colt led into the Abington Bottom, but on coming out of it he was challenged by Lord Zetland's Caerlaverock, who fought out the race very gamely with him, and beat him by three-quarters of a length. They were running at even weights, and on this form Orbit should be a lucky horse in having won the 10,000*l.* of the Eclipse Stakes. He was very lucky again now; for after the race it was discovered that Caerlaverock ought to have carried extra weight, so he was disqualified, and the stakes were given to the owner of Orbit.

Mr. Brydges Williams's four-year-old colt, Banter, beat half a dozen two-year-olds for the first race of the Friday, after setting the youngsters a very bad example of insubordination at the post. As the stakes were only 100 guineas, and exactly that sum had to be paid beyond the selling price in order to buy the colt in, either honour and glory or money won in bets—we do not pretend to say which—must have been the owner's sole reward. Laureate was made the favourite for the Rous Memorial Stakes for two-year-olds. The favourite, Gulliver, the winner of races at Ascot and Goodwood, with 7 lbs. extra on his back, Gagoul, the winner of the Royal Plate at Windsor, and Evergreen, ran from the Bushes in a cluster. Laureate held a slight lead of the little group, and, keeping it to the end, won by a length; Gulliver and Gagoul ran a dead heat for second, and Evergreen was only a head behind them. Mr. Hammond's Laureate, who is entered for the Derby, is splendidly bred, as he is by Petrarch out of Macaria by Macaroni, and his granddam, Feronia, was by Thormanby out of Woodbine by Stockwell out of a Touchstone mare. The Duke of Beaufort's Benburb, who had astonished everybody by running Grafton to a head for the Produce Stakes after starting at 100 to 1, now won the St. Leger by twenty lengths. In the last race, a 100*l.* Plate, the Rejected, who had been bought for 1,450 guineas last winter, beat Helmsley, to whom he was giving 25 lbs. more than weight for age, by a head. As much as 14 to 1 had been laid against him. With this stake he about completed his purchase-money. And so ended a very flat meeting.

#### THE THEATRES.

NONE of the American companies which have visited this country of late years approaches the consistent excellence of Mr. Daly's following. Mr. Mansfield himself, who is now occupying the Lyceum, has very considerable talent, imagination, and mastery of stage resource; but the company by which he is surrounded is quite unequal to the work it essays, and is certainly unable to give the proper tone to a comedy of society such as M. Octave Feuillet's *Roman Parisien*. The wit and grace of M. Feuillet's dialogue have, for one thing, disappeared in the process of conversion into bald English, and when the translator's crude sentences are invested furthermore with an American accent, it becomes more than ever hard to gain even the fleeting illusion that we are privileged to witness scenes from high life in the French capital. There have been differences of opinion as to

the merit of the original play. The reasons which induce the high-minded M. de Targy to impoverish himself, his wife, and his mother, and to hand over the whole of his ample fortune to the senile and cynical *roué*, the Baron Chevrial, have been pronounced vague, insufficient, and Quixotic; but the main intention of the dramatist was to develop the singularly unattractive character of Chevrial, and De Targy's action from this point of view has its uses. There can be no doubt that the chief object of all concerned in the version of the play now being acted at the Lyceum is to give prominence to Mr. Mansfield's study of the Baron, and this is a skilful example of what is called "character-acting." The highest phase of histrionic art is that which—of course always by legitimate means—most deeply awakens the emotions of the spectator. We make the reservation because emotions may be caused by illegitimate means—such as are used in the torture episode of *La Tosca*. The character-actor may rise to great heights, or he may simply assume and maintain a more or less striking disguise, basing his claim to favour upon the completeness with which he merges his own identity into that of the character presented. Mr. Mansfield's disguise is certainly very good. The harsh, thin, wrinkled face, on which the evidences of age are made obvious rather than hidden by the small black-dyed moustache and imperial, the stiffness of joint, the feeble legs, the cracked voice, the half-paralytic lower jaw—all go to make up a striking picture of such a man as we assume the Baron to have been. So far all is well; it is the power, the one spark of genius, that is wanting. We recognize the comedian's cleverness, but are not impressed, not in the least horrified, when, seized by his death-stroke, he totters from the supper-table, where he has been entertaining half-a-dozen ballet-girls in their stage attire, and, after a convulsive fit, falls dead. It is all conceived correctly enough; we find nothing in particular to criticize, only we can regard all this with indifference. The character is adequately preserved; but there is no rare tragic power behind it, and the fault is not with the dramatist, for sudden death amid such surroundings—the flower-decked table, the pop of champagne corks, the frivolous chatter of the girls and their fatuous admirers—forms a most startling contrast. One of the critics, we observe, has noted a point which struck us as particularly good—the expression Chevrial imparted to phrases of a song he was casually humming in the intervals of his soliloquy on his prospects of subduing Rosa, a dancer at the Opera for whom he feels a passing fancy. In a very natural manner, with an apparent unconsciousness of the effect—an all-important factor—he causes his musical phrases to seem echoes of his thoughts. The idea is a new and happy one, and Mr. Mansfield employs it delicately. We are anxious to do the actor every justice, and are ready to admit that he has valuable qualities. Until he shows himself to be possessed of passion, of pathos, and of a richer vein of humour than he has yet displayed, we cannot, however, rank him among the undoubted leaders of his profession.

We hear sometimes of "stock actors," and the epithet always strikes us as significant. Mr. J. T. Sullivan, Mr. W. H. Harkins, Mr. J. Frankau, and several of their companions, seem to us to come precisely into this category. The stock actor may be otherwise described as a "respectable" performer. He will play parts of almost any sort without making a failure, and with occasionally some sort of approach to success. He knows his business, and is generally a useful but uninteresting personage who fills a character which might be filled better—and worse. Of the ladies in Mr. Mansfield's company Miss Beatrice Cameron seems to have uncultivated aptitudes. She is the Marcelle, the younger Mme. de Targy, who leaves a poverty-stricken home, to which the loss of fortune consigns her, in order to win a fortune as a singer; and the performance is marked by decided merit. Miss Emma Sheridan, who committed the unpardonable atrocity of reappearing to acknowledge applause in the middle of a scene, had previously to this exhibition of bad taste acted with some address as the Baroness Chevrial; but the players, as a whole, seem to us to bear little resemblance to the personages they are supposed to represent.

*Captain Swift*, at the Haymarket, most distinctly gains on further acquaintance. The play, by Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, has been amply discussed already as to its merits and as to its faults here and elsewhere. Therefore, there is no need to go into these in detail. It remains to say only that the play is an eminently "taking" piece. It moves in both senses of the word, active and passive. Every "curtain" is good, and with all allowance of faults, is led up to well. Such faults may, no doubt, exist; but, in spite of them, the play is alive, and that is a great thing. The dramatist's dialogue has no small share in this; it is effective without being stilted, and the employment of *vieilles fées* in the situations is perhaps not much to be blamed nowadays. It will be seen from this that much depends upon the acting of a play which promises well for its author. Mr. Tree's performance of Captain Swift places him in a new position—he has filled many with equal success—as an impressive actor of the Fechter type. He has grasped the difficult character of the Bush-ranger by assumed necessity, who wishes he had been born to, and is capable of, better things; in fact, there is a very distinct touch of romance in his conception and execution of the part. It is a new departure on the part of Mr. Tree, and is, to our thinking, the finest creation of a character that he has yet shown. It is a youthful, brilliant, bold piece of acting. Its

subtleties are specially to be observed in the meeting with Gardiner in the end of the first act, in the difficult scene with Marshall in the second act, and in the writing of the letter, with its sequence in the third act. But the most difficult, and by far the strongest, piece of acting is to be found in the fourth act, where he is hunted down, and where the old bushranger spirit wars with the new tenderness that he has learned. Here is a capital opportunity for an actor to fail by being either too brutal or too maudlin. Mr. Tree steers the exact course, and shows a thorough man, who is tender without a touch of mawkishness; who, starved and wretched, feels a mingling of the new life and the old brigandage stirring in him; and who, when the crisis comes, is equal to the last opportunity. As to the thrilling and touching catastrophe, we have but one criticism to offer, and that a small one. Wilding is hunted, wretched, starved; finding brandy on the table, he naturally flies to it. His end would be more poetic if there were not a suspicion that his final determination was helped by the very copious draughts which he appears to drink down. His final appearance is intensely poetic, and it is only the memory of what has gone before that can possibly spoil the final impression. To conclude, as for Mr. Tree he has made it clear that he has it in him to strike out yet a new line in romantic acting. The play depends so much from an acting point of view on Mr. Tree that we owe but little apology in this late notice to the actors who support him so excellently. Mrs. Tree has never played a part in which she has failed to charm, and in Stella Darbisher she is singularly charming. Her song heard from the wings is sung with strange pathos which admirably suits the purpose of the scene. Miss Rose Leclercq plays Lady Staunton, as indeed a foregone conclusion, to perfection. Lady Monckton plays Mrs. Seabrook with effect, but with undesirable conventionalism. Mr. Kemble's representation of Mr. Seabrook cannot be better. Mr. Brookfield plays Marshall, the wicked butler; the part is not an easy one. Mr. Brookfield treats it with most singular discretion and power. He walks like a butler, he talks like a butler, he is a butler; he is also wicked—it appears to have been unknown to some that a butler can be wicked. Mr. Brookfield's performance puts an end to the superstition. Miss Cudmore plays gracefully as Miss Seabrook, and Mr. Macklin shows the soundest discretion as Mr. Gardiner, a part of which the peculiar difficulty is probably not apparent to the casual playgoer.

#### THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition of handicrafts and design at the New Gallery may be regarded as a protest against those levelling influences, collectively dubbed by Mr. Walter Crane commercialism in art, which are unfavourable to independence and individuality in designer and executant. No longer shall the craftsman, as the poet has it, take a Lethean leave of his work when once it is handed over to middleman or manufacturer, and live laborious days unrecognized by patron and unnamed in exhibition catalogues. Under the auspices of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, over which Mr. Walter Crane presides, the worker in metals, the wood-carver, the potter, the cabinet-maker, and others will share with designers the honours of exhibition, so that the deserving among them need be no more "concealed," as Mr. Crane observes, "under the designation of So-and-so and Co." It is thought possible that the good old days when every craftsman was more or less an artist may be to some extent revived through the efforts of the new Society, and art production generally be relieved of the purely commercial conditions that now regulate and, as Mr. Crane apparently thinks, oppress and benumb it. Whether mere exhibition will do much to discover or encourage patient merit, suffering through the enforced anonymity of our modern industrial system, is, we cannot but think, extremely doubtful. The craftsman of old, who was an artist, and not what we now term an artisan, was no seeker after exhibition notoriety or any other notoriety akin to it. He was, as Mr. William Morris observes, the free craftsman, doing as he pleased with his work, and his work was pure handiwork, undebased by the inventions or discoveries of science. It is difficult to imagine that individuality, or the "personal element," in the designer or worker is to be fostered by publishing the names of every one concerned in the various objects of art exhibited at the New Gallery. To a certain extent, it is true, the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society are working on a principle recognized at Burlington House, for etching and engraving, which are both represented at the Royal Academy, are true handicrafts when applied to the translation of pictorial design. In this case, however, the work is executed generally by one artist only, whereas at the New Gallery exhibition many workers are concerned in the production, and by no means equally concerned. Moreover in some instances they are so numerous that the old formula "executed by So-and-so and Co." has to be utilized in the catalogue. It is obvious, therefore, that the naming of designers and executants, without regard to the importance of responsibility, is not wholly so desirable a measure of justice as the projectors of the new scheme of exhibition appear to think. With Mr. Walter Crane's main contention, however, we have the heartiest sympathy. The arts, in his opinion, cannot be in a sound condition except through the soundness of the handicrafts. They are "the true root and basis

of all Art," and there ought to be in them "room or chance of recognition for really artistic power and feeling in design and craftsmanship." From various causes that do not admit of rapid generalization, it is undeniable that the handicrafts have fallen from their high estate, and the Arts and Crafts Society have thus substantial basis for action.

Despite its special object of representing the handicrafts, the interest of the present exhibition is centred in the designs contributed by artists of reputation, whose work is familiar to the public through the ordinary channels of exhibition. In one room alone the cartoons and sketches of Mr. Burne Jones suffice to characterize the exhibition. These include the beautiful and imposing design (173) for a stained-glass window at St. Philip's Church, Birmingham; another cartoon, "The Crucifixion" (181), a companion picture, and equally noble in effect; a finely-composed drawing, also designed for a window, representing David's exhortation to Solomon concerning the building of the Temple (170); and a large design for a mosaic, entitled "The Circle of Angels," for the apse of the American church of St. Paul at Rome, together with photographs and sketches that are of great assistance in realizing the beauty and effect of the design when perfected in mosaic and in position. In the same room are three very striking and graceful designs for stained glass by Mr. F. J. Shields, two of which (184, 185) are composed for the chapel at Eaton Hall. Mr. Henry Holiday, Mr. Christopher Whall, Mr. Hamilton Jackson, and Mr. Walter Crane also contribute designs for the decoration of windows in churches or houses. Mr. Heywood Sumner illustrates by drawings and photographs his scheme of *Sgraffito* decoration as applied to the embellishment of Llanvair Kilgeddin Church. Mr. Walter Crane's versatility in decorative art finds display in almost every section of the exhibition, and is admirably exemplified in the graceful set of sketches designed for a frieze representing Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour" (194, 195), in various designs in mosaics (227, 228), in water-colour cartoons for wall-paper (224, &c.), and in a series of delightful figures (on the screen 381) painted by Mr. Moore and manufactured by Messrs. Maw & Co. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's bas-relief in plaster, "Artemis" (235), and the plaster cast, "Tethys" (236)—the last of remarkable decorative beauty—are the most notable designs in sculpture. Textiles, metal-work, wood-carving, printing, bookbinding, and other crafts are fairly well represented; though decorative art, as applied to furniture, is scarcely so prominent as is desirable. The Committee of the new Society had, of course, to go far afield in their search for work and exhibitors. That they should encounter difficulties with respect to both is not more surprising, perhaps, than the opposition to their objects of certain firms.

#### THE MONEY MARKET.

A COMBINATION of circumstances made this week perhaps the most trying the London money market has gone through for nearly two years. The India Council, of course, requires to hold large sums against demands that are constantly coming upon it; but, unlike the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Council does not keep the money in the Bank of England, leaving the employment of it to the Bank until it is actually required by itself. It has inherited from the Directors of the old East India Company the commercial practice of lending out the moneys which it does not immediately need to the billbrokers and discount houses, being unwilling, as merchants usually are, to leave large funds unfruitful. The practice, from the point of view of the money market, has this great disadvantage, that it lessens the control of the Bank of England over the market. If the Bank had the employment of the India Council's balance, as well as of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's, its influence in the money market would be decidedly larger than it is at present. As matters stand, the India Council not only withdraws from the Bank very large sums, but it competes with the Bank and the other banks in the market. There is another disadvantage, that, when the Council requires to use the money, it disturbs the market by withdrawing from employment large sums all at once. At the beginning of this month, for example, it had to pay in interest and dividends between 1½ and 2 millions sterling, and it has had to redeem also Four per Cent. sterling stock between 3 and 4 millions in amount. Altogether, it has had to find in the week ending to-day between 5 and 6 millions sterling, and to obtain this money it has had to call from the billbrokers and the discount houses what it had previously lent. It is easy to understand that the market must have been very much disturbed by the sudden withdrawal of so very large a sum. No doubt the greater part of it would be called in one day and paid out the next; but still those to whom it had previously been lent had to find the money, and in so doing had to run up the rates of interest against themselves; and further, a portion of the money paid out in redemption of the Four per Cents will not return to the market for some little time. Still, if this matter stood alone, it would call for little comment in these columns. It would of course have disturbed the market for a time, but its effect would have been very temporary. As it happens, there are other influences tending to reduce the supply of loanable capital in the short-loan market, and therefore to raise rates. First of all there is the improvement in trade, which is steadily extending from one industry to another. Merchants and manu-

facturers as they increase their business need larger capitals to carry it on, and at the same time they need more money to pay their wages bills. As a consequence money is being withdrawn day by day from London for the provinces. All banks feel this withdrawal, but perhaps the most signal proof in the eyes of the general public is afforded by the fall that has taken place in the Two and Three-quarter per Cents. At one time this week they were a trifle under 96½. The fall, no doubt, was exaggerated by the state of the money market and by the action of speculators, but still the larger part of it was due to natural causes. Money was invested in this stock when the rates of interest were low, but now that high rates can be obtained in trade and on the Stock Exchange capitalists are selling their Two and Three-quarter per Cents to employ the money more profitably elsewhere. This outflow of money from London to the provinces will be supplemented in the current month by the usual withdrawals of gold for Ireland, necessitated by the increase in the Irish bank-note circulation that always occurs when the great autumnal fairs are being held; and next month there will be withdrawals of gold for Scotland, as always happens in November and May. At a time when money is flowing out from London as a consequence of the trade improvement, and when the gold movement to Ireland and Scotland is beginning, the disturbance caused by the action of the India Council has had necessarily a much greater effect than it otherwise would have had.

But the most powerful influence affecting the money market at present is the gold withdrawals for the River Plate countries and Russia. The Argentine Republic, and the provincial and municipal Governments, have been pushing forward public works for some time past with extraordinary rapidity. They have in consequence been borrowing somewhat recklessly in this country and upon the Continent; and industrial Companies of various kinds have also been raising capital in very large amounts. The result is that this country, France, and Germany have engaged to furnish immense sums to the Argentine Republic. For the nine months of the present year the total amounts to about 19 millions sterling. A great part of this vast sum is required to pay for materials bought in this country. Another part is required to cover interest as it falls due; and a third part doubtless is required to wipe out advances which had previously been made by the issuing houses. Still there remains a considerable surplus, which the borrowers and the issuing Companies are able to take in hard cash, and they have a strong interest to do so, inasmuch as gold stands at a very high premium in the Argentine Republic. Roughly, the premium for some time past has averaged about 50 per cent. In other words, 100 gold dollars will exchange for about 150 paper dollars, more or less. As wages and prices generally have not risen in the same proportion as gold—or, to express the fact more correctly, as prices and wages have not risen as much in proportion as paper has depreciated—it is advantageous to take out gold. Hence very large sums indeed have been shipped. Those shipments would themselves have sufficed to alarm the London money market, and cause a considerable advance in the Bank of England rate of discount, but they were aggravated by considerable withdrawals of gold for Lisbon and elsewhere, and by the unexpected withdrawals for Russia—the latter amounting already to about 1,100,000*l.* For years past the Bank of England has been working with too small a stock of gold, and when this drain set in to so many different quarters it was evident that immediate steps must be taken to stop it. But when lately the Bank of England raised its rate of discount the Bank of France did the same, and a few days later the Bank of Germany followed suit, and on Thursday, again, when the Bank of England raised its rate to 5 per cent., the Bank of France raised its rate to 4½ per cent. We are thus in this predicament, that when the Bank of England raises its rate of discount, the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany will do the same, and thus the value of money is being forced up upon the Continent *pari passu* with the rise in London. And unfortunately the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany have other ways of protecting their stock of the metal besides raising their rates of discount. Silver is legal tender in both countries as well as gold, and each bank can therefore pay in silver. Further, the Bank of France can raise the price at which it will consent to sell gold; and, lastly, the gold coinage in France is light, and a very large part of it, therefore, is unfit for exportation. There is a difficulty, therefore, in obtaining gold upon the Continent, inasmuch as the two great banks are as eager to retain the metal as the Bank of England is to obtain it. Still considerable amounts have been got from the Continent, especially from France, and apparently the influx will continue.

The immediate outlook is difficult to gauge because of the impossibility of foreseeing the action of the Russian Government. If it continues to take gold, then the anxiety in the City must continue, and the Bank of England will be forced to protect its stock of the metal by raising its rate of discount to any point that may be necessary. But as the intentions of the Russian Government are known to few outside St. Petersburg, speculation as to its action is entirely useless. In the case of the Argentine Republic, it is safe to predict that the gold drain will continue if new Argentine issues are taken as eagerly in London as they have been in the past. Those most competent to form an opinion believe that the greater part of the available surplus from the issues placed in this market hitherto has already been sent out. But now that the holidays are over new issues are again

being offered, and if they are subscribed for then further amounts of the metal can be taken. No doubt it is the interest of the Governments of the Argentine Republic and of the provinces, as well as of capitalists generally in the Argentine Republic, to spare the London market, for a financial crisis here would be followed by perhaps the severest crisis that has ever occurred in Buenos Ayres. But neither Governments nor capitalists are quite free to regulate their actions in this matter. The important point to bear in mind is that it is extremely profitable to ship gold from Europe to the Argentine Republic, and what is immediately very profitable is extremely likely to be done. It depends mainly, therefore, upon the London market itself whether the gold shipments are to continue or not. If they continue, the Bank of England will be compelled to raise its rate of discount until they are stopped. How high it may have to go the event alone can tell. Every year the Bank of England is losing some of its control over the gold markets of the world. Formerly an advance in the rate was much more certain to bring in large quantities of the metal than it is at present. This is mainly due to the fact that the Bank of England has not kept a sufficiently large stock of gold, and that the Treasury of the United States, the Bank of France, and the Imperial Bank of Germany have enormously increased their stocks. The United States Treasury at the beginning of the current month held over 63 millions sterling in gold, the Bank of France about 46½ millions sterling, and the Bank of Germany over 46½ millions sterling in gold and silver, of which over two-thirds are gold, or, in round figures, about 31 millions sterling. The three institutions, therefore, hold over 140 millions sterling in gold, or, roughly, nearly seven times as much as the Bank of England. The United States Treasury, since its revenue enormously exceeds its expenditure, need not part with an ounce of the metal unless the Secretary pleases; and, as we have been pointing out above, the directors of the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany are doing their utmost to prevent any being taken from themselves. The Bank of England has but one means of protecting gold—that is, raising its rate of discount, but the French and the German Banks have several means of protecting their stock. They can raise the rate, they can pay in silver, or they can put up the price at which they will sell. The amount of gold in the free markets of the world is becoming less and less every year; and, consequently, it is becoming more and more difficult for the Bank of England to protect itself when a large drain sets in. We may reasonably conclude, however, that the 5 per cent. rate will attract gold from various quarters, and at the same time will check the rush of new issues.

#### THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

AN evidence of effort which had not been apparent in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's previous operas was distinctly to be traced in *Ruddigore*. It is understood that this work fell short of the popularity which had attended its predecessors, and perhaps no careful observer of the contemporary stage was very much surprised to find that the humourist had resolved to strike out in a fresh direction, abandoning the fantastic method which came to light when the Defendant in *Trial by Jury* entered the Court with a guitar slung round him, and the Judge began slyly to flirt with the Plaintiff and the bridesmaids who accompanied her. The plan on which *Trial by Jury*, *The Sorcerer*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and the others were constructed was so fresh, so striking, and so genuinely funny that, aided as the operas were by the wit and satire of Mr. Gilbert's dialogue—not for the moment to speak of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music—the brilliant success of the series was a natural result. But it was obvious that there was a limit to the range of subjects to which this peculiar treatment could be applied. For one thing, after we had seen sailors as in *Pinafore*, soldiers as in *Patience*, peers as in *Iolanthe*, buccaneers as in *The Pirates of Penzance*, it was not easy to find a picturesque chorus, which was held to be one of the essentials of these pieces, for it seemed to be understood that the action must necessarily take place in modern days. In *The Yeomen of the Guard*, as the new piece is called, is found a plot differing in no great degree from the straightforward books of other specially competent playwrights, and indeed having something distinctly in common with one very well-known operatic story—the late Vincent Wallace's *Maritana*, a setting of Denner's *Don César de Bazan*. *Maritana* was a street singer, and so is Mr. Gilbert's Elsie Maynard; Don César was condemned to death, and so is Colonel Fairfax; Don César, believing he was about to be shot, married *Maritana*, neither doubting at the time that their union would be terminated in the course of a few moments; and Fairfax, convinced that nothing can save him from the headsman's axe, marries Elsie. In each case a pardon is signed by the King, and is treacherously kept back by a highly-placed officer of State; admitting all which, however, we are quite ready to acquit Mr. Gilbert of any indebtedness to the French dramatist. We should rather be inclined to suspect, from the mere fact of his having made his Elsie follow the precise calling which *Maritana* also pursued, that Mr. Gilbert is unacquainted with Denner's comedy. Were it not so he would probably have found another occupation for his heroine. The whole circumstances of Fairfax's escape by the aid of Sergeant Meryll and his daughter in no way resemble the French plot, and, indeed, the two schemes have essential differ-

ences. We do not precisely understand, by the way, why it is that Fairfax, when he has escaped from his prison in the guise of a Yeoman of the Guard, remains in the Tower, instead of taking boat at the neighbouring stairs, and placing himself as far as possible from a spot fraught with such perils. Remaining where he was, it is too probable that in some way his identity would be detected; but this is not a point of great importance, and Mr. Gilbert would very likely find several arguments to advance to show that he did wisely to stay where he was. To the title of his opera we think, however, that exception may be taken. Is Mr. Gilbert sure that such functionaries as "Yeomen of the Guard" were known in the time of Henry VIII.? "Tower Warders" existed, we know; but we should like to hear Mr. Gilbert's authority for "Yeomen of the Guard"; and, again, we would ask him when the title of "colonel" first came into use? Our impression is that there were no colonels in this reign.

Interest in the main feature of Mr. Gilbert's story is not very powerfully sustained in the second act, after the solemn procession to the block has come to a halt, and the discovery that there is no prisoner to behead is made. Hero and heroine are married, and must be made to fall in love with each other; but there is a suggestion of the *Pinafore* manner in Fairfax's declaration, "Elsie, I love thee, ardently, passionately! Elsie, I have loved thee these two days—which is a long time—and I would fain join my life to thine!" In an opera which deals with matters of life and death, and makes some demands on our sympathies, the lover should protest his affection in more serious words than Fairfax employs when, answering Elsie's coy remark that he is jesting, he replies, "Jesting? May I shrivel into raisins if I jest!"—words neither quite appropriate nor very humorous. The desire of the elderly Dame Carruthers to marry Meryll also suggests a standing figure and an inevitable occurrence in all Mr. Gilbert's operas since the *Vicar of The Sorcerer* was found to be engaged to the pew-opener; but this is here touched very lightly—indeed, the Dame is practically a superfluous figure. And there are some admirable episodes in the new opera. All the scenes between Phoebe Meryll and the gloomy young assistant-gaoler, Shadbolt—who labours under the ludicrous impression that he has an airy wit and is a remarkably cheerful companion—are full of merriment. Miss Jessie Bond is the old Sergeant's daughter, and to say this is to give the assurance that Phoebe is full of sly fun and dainty grace. Mr. Denny's stolidity as the gaoler is particularly diverting; and later on in the play, when Jack Point, the jester—the part acted by Mr. George Grossmith—undertakes to give Shadbolt lessons in the arts and mysteries of a Merryman's calling, the contrast between the quick, angular manner of Point and the ponderous playfulness of Shadbolt is highly effective. Their duet of the second act, wherein they tell the Lieutenant of the Tower a fiction about Fairfax's escape, is droll in the extreme. They cannot agree as to the words which best describes the event. Shadbolt's statement is, "I beheld a figure creeping"; "I should rather call it crawling," interpolates Point, and both insist. Finally the gaoler declares that the figure at which he has shot sinks like a stone. "I should say a lump of lead," is Point's suggestion; but the gaoler has here the best of it in the end; his firm and determined utterance of the one word "Stone!" showing so inflexible a resolution to maintain his opinion that the jester persists no more. Excellent, again, are the scenes which show Point in the practice of his calling, and in the preparations which lead to the practice. His interview with the Lieutenant of the Tower, into whose service he hopes to be—and presently is—taken, is equally diverting. Point explains what he should say under various circumstances, the nature of which the Lieutenant propounds, and there is something almost pathetic in the earnest efforts of the jester to be funny. Mr. Grossmith seems thoroughly to understand his author's conception, and to render it with much cunning. While speaking of the performers, the success of Miss Geraldine Ulmar, the Elsie, must receive cordial acknowledgment. All that she does is distinguished by vivacity, grace, and charm. Mr. Courtice Pounds acts well for a tenor and sings most acceptably, and sound service is done by Mr. Richard Temple as Meryll and Miss Rosina Brandram as Dame Carruthers.

If we have lingered before coming to speak of the music, it is assuredly from no lack of admiration of Sir Arthur Sullivan's latest work. He really seems unable to write anything that is not melodious and beautiful. His fancy is inexhaustible. It was declared years ago that "all the tunes had been written," that it was not possible to construct entirely novel airs; but Sir Arthur goes very far to contradict the assertion. It is only on rare occasions that he reminds us of himself or of any other composer. Point's song, "I've jest and joke," may have a distant kinship with an excerpt from *Patience*, and here and there a phrase may fall on the ear as a faint reminiscence; but it is seldom indeed that two consecutive bars can be identified as a distinct suggestion of previously existing music. We respect the artistic conscientiousness which is apparent in Sir Arthur's work. Having written his opera, for instance, it would have been an easy matter to write a popular overture by simply stringing together, one after the other, a few of the principal airs. But this has not contented the composer, who has indeed made a selection from his leading themes, but has interwoven them with singular dexterity and taste in orthodox form but with his own peculiar grace. The ballad "When maiden loves," which opens the opera, shows Sir Arthur in another aspect. Nothing could be simpler—

an allegretto in D Flat, two-four time, simply accompanied moreover by strings and wind; but it has a freshness of its own, charmingly brought out by Miss Bond. The Yeomen's chorus, "In the autumn of our life," with accompaniment for two horns, goes with an ensemble for the spectators on Tower Green (where the scene of the opera is laid in the sixteenth century) to form one of those double choruses of which Sir Arthur—like those who hear his music—is fond. The dignity of the Yeomen's melody (C major, common time) is of totally different character from the half merry, half careless welcome of the crowd, and the combination is remarkably fine. The succeeding ballads we must here pass by with the simple remark that they answer their purpose; but we should like to say much of the altogether delightful duet for Point and Elsie, "the singing farce of the Merryman and the Maid," as Elsie describes it. We do not know precisely what model Mr. Gilbert has drawn upon, and suspect that the scheme of this duet is really his invention. It has, however, an odd charm of its own, and Sir Arthur has just caught the idea, as he shows, both in his melody and in the setting of it. The audience would apparently like to hear it half a dozen times—a sentiment with which we, hating encores, as a rule, are disposed to sympathize, if only for the sake of hearing bassoon, oboe, clarinet, and flute quaintly contribute their quota. There is scarcely a number upon the orchestration of which we should not like to dwell. The cello in Elsie's solo, "My mother, sir, is like to die," in the course of the trio, "How say you, maiden?"; the violins which echo Elsie's emotion in her ballad, preceded by the recitative, "Tis done! I am a bride!"; the lightly laughing passages which accompany the Colonel's recognition of his pretended sister, "Is this Phoebe? My little Phoebe? (*Aside to Meryll*) Who the deuce may she be?"; the diminuendo and pause before the pizzicato note on the double bass which, prefaced by tremolo violins, leads to the beautiful and impressive Funeral March—these and a host of other points should be recognized. We must resist the temptation to examine these details, however, and to endeavour to show how full the score is of significance as well as of charm and melody. Let the visitor listen keenly; attention will be repaid. Phoebe's ballad, "Were I thy bride," in the course of singing which she fools the loutish gaoler to the top of his bent, and presently secures his keys in order that her father may free Fairfax, is delightfully sweet and soothing—in truth, there is scarcely a number which has not its individual charm. We must not describe how the finales are worked up, how a musician's tone is imparted to the merriment of a patter song, and how, lest the ear should weary of orchestral richness and variety, there is an unaccompanied quartet, "Strange adventure!" exquisitely harmonized. The theme is tempting, but we must resolutely turn away from it, with the concluding remark that Sir Arthur has never more fully succeeded in what we take to be his object, of writing a score which will delight alike the casual hearer and the musician. At this theatre care is always taken that justice is done to the work of orchestra and chorus, and as for the choristers, we may be sure that the easy and unconventional way in which they bear themselves and strengthen the incidents presented is the result of infinite care and patient preparation under the guidance of the author, whose skill as a stage-manager cannot easily be over-praised. It is scarcely our province to prophesy, but we may express a firm conviction that many months will elapse before we are again called upon to perform the agreeable task of criticizing an opera at the Savoy Theatre.

#### THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

DESPITE the withdrawal of the prizes hitherto awarded at the annual exhibitions of the Photographic Society, there is an excellent display of pictures and apparatus this year at Pall Mall East. Photography may now, perhaps, be said to have passed beyond the stage when medals are a useful means of encouragement. Its popularity is widespread, and still increasing. Its progress and its important relations with other forms of pictorial art are admirably set forth by the exhibition now open in the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. No amateur should fail to inspect both pictures and apparatus. The former, indeed, comprise much that appeals to the general public, and among the apparatus arranged on the table is an interesting collection of cameras, from the minutest "detective," somewhat less than an inch and a half square, to the largest of the portable class. From a technical standpoint the exhibition is not inferior to those of the last few years, in portraiture, landscape, marines, Alpine subjects, architectural interiors and exteriors, transcripts of paintings, and examples of autotype, photogravure, and other reproductive processes. Of work that combines high technical attainment with a deliberate pictorial aim there is less than in preceding exhibitions, though not a little of it is admirable. Nothing better in the way of "still-life" has been shown than two capital platinotypes by Mr. A. F. Lafosse, studies of game entitled "A Christmas Hamper" (331), and "What I shot at Filby" (332). These are well arranged, and the textures of fur and feather are marvellously rendered. Mr. J. Gale contributes a fine series of pictures (73-83), in some of which the figure is skilfully introduced in the landscape. Two of these—"Sunshine and Shadow" and "Sheep on the Hill-side"—are unsurpassed in their beauty of tone and truth of

aërial effect. Very good also are the landscapes and figure studies of Mr. Frank Sutcliffe (123-139), Mr. Harry Toller's woodland studies (15-17), Mr. G. Davison's "Fishing Fleet" (97) and "Canal Boat" (99), Mr. Mummery's "Burnham Beeches" (159), and Mr. Bourne's pictures (35-37). Mr. H. W. Gridley, whose studies of character used to form a class of portraiture apart, has forsaken a line in which he had few rivals, and shows a series of views of Palmyra (268-282). These photographs are not only of the highest technical merit, but extremely interesting and valuable as a record of the present condition of the temples, triumphal arches, and colonnades of the "silent city of palm-trees." Mr. Gridley's beautiful pictures prove that enough remains of the ancient magnificence of Tadmor-in-the-Desert to charm the imagination. Grace and grandeur were never so mingled or so impressive. Another kind of interest is aroused by Mr. W. K. Burton's notable photographs of Mount Bandai, in Japan (224), the scene of the recent earthquake. In open-air studies there is nothing in the gallery more pictorially suggestive or more unexaggerated in atmospheric tone than Mr. Lyddell Sawyer's three street scenes with figures, "In the Castle Garth, Newcastle" (26). Exhibits of purely technical interest are shown by Messrs. Bousso, Valadon, & Co., Messrs. Annan & Swan, the Autotype Company, Messrs. Henry Dixon & Co., the Typographic Etching Company, and others. The majority of these offer examples of the various processes in use for book illustration or reproducing paintings. To this section of technical examples Mr. John Spiller, F.C.S. contributes two curious relics of the past—"An Early Cyanide Print, 1852," and "Prints by Sir John Herschel's Chrysotype Process," of the same date. Among other noteworthy photographs mention must be made of the portraits of Mr. R. Faulkner, Mr. H. H. Cameron, Mr. W. W. Winter, and Mr. W. J. Byrne, and the fine pictures of Swiss mountain scenery by Captain Abney and Mr. G. Edwards.

## SEPARATION—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

## FIRST WELSH MEMBER.

I'VE the greatest regard in the world for Wales,  
In love of that country I yield to none;  
I will work in her cause till vitality fails,  
I will stick to her flag till the battle is won.  
But I cannot—I cannot perceive, can you?—  
What a Welsh Parliamentary Party could do.

## SECOND WELSH MEMBER.

For Wales and the Welsh I've the highest regard;  
Let none of surpassing my love for her brag;  
Till vitality fails I will toil for her hard,  
Till the battle is won I will stick to her flag.  
But I cannot—no, really I cannot, perceive  
What a Welsh Parliamentary Group could achieve.

## THIRD WELSH MEMBER.

I respect little Wales and I honour the Welsh,  
In regard for her nobody trumps my trick;  
My efforts to serve her Death only shall squelch,  
Till the battle is won to her flag I will stick.  
But there really is nothing which I can detect  
That a Welsh Parliamentary Group could effect.

## FOURTH WELSH MEMBER.

Little Wales my sincerest attachment enlists,  
Love deeper than mine for her ne'er have I found;  
I will serve her while life in my body subsists,  
I will stick to her flag till with triumph 'tis crowned.  
But I cannot discern, nor can others explain,  
What a Welsh Parliamentary Party would gain.

## FIFTH WELSH MEMBER.

Of the Welsh and of Wales I am ardently fond,  
No love for her warmer than mine has been known;  
I will serve her through life, and, if lawful, beyond,  
I will fight by her side till the day is our own.  
But I cannot feel sure—nor the doubt let us shirk—  
How a Welsh Parliamentary Party would work.

## MR. OSB-RNE M-RG-N.

As for me, who am Welshman as staunch as the best,  
Having heard what my colleagues have ventured to say,  
I not only re-echo the doubt they've expressed,  
But am bent upon "going one better" than they.  
For I cannot set bounds to the mischief, indeed,  
That a Welsh Parliamentary Party might breed.

When you talk of the old Principality's claims,  
Of her wants and her wishes, you seem to forget  
That in thus prosecuting your national aims  
You might blindly feel the plans of our leader upset.  
And that you must feel were a shocking mistake  
For a Welsh Parliamentary Party to make.

And it is not as though you were out in the cold,  
Poohpoohed, disregarded, and left in the lurch;  
For the Lib'ls are bound to a man, as I hold,  
By our leader himself, to demolish your Church.

And what more than a pledge to that glorious task  
Has a Welsh Parliamentary Party to ask?

But whatever your views I must beg you to pause,  
Ere incurring the guilt of political schism  
And risking disastrous results for the cause,  
So unspeakably dear, of Gladstonism.  
For that you must own were a signal disgrace  
For a Welsh Parliamentary Party to face.

It is all very well to dismember a State,  
But to break up a party, as (rash that you are!)  
Will become, if you pause not, your ultimate fate,  
Is to push Separation a little too far.  
And no less is the length, you ought surely to know,  
That a Welsh Parliamentary Party might go.

## REVIEWS.

## HISTORY OF PROSE FICTION.\*

ACCORDING to Mr. Wilson, who ought to know, there have been only three English editions of Dunlop's well-known *History of Fiction*; the first in 1814, with its immediate successor in 1816, and the one-volume reprint of 1845. This last is certainly the commonest, and, considering the ease and cheapness with which it can be obtained at the second-hand booksellers, one of three hypotheses is unavoidable. Either it must have been reprinted, or the original edition must have been very large, or the demand for it must in forty years have been such as is hardly encouraging to the writers of good books. For Dunlop's, though hardly of the best, and though it was rather harshly judged by some critics at first, is a very good book in its way. The author belonged to the best generation of Scottish letters, coming about midway in birth-year between Scott and Lockhart. He was sheriff of Renfrewshire, and, with no very original gift, he seems to have had a distinct vocation for literary treatment of letters. His *Memoirs of Spain* are distinctly, as far as we remember them after many years, meritorious; his *History of Roman Literature* we do not remember to have ever read. But the *History of Fiction*, though it labours under many disadvantages, is a work, considering its date, of a remarkable merit. Whether Dunlop in all cases read at first hand the books of which he speaks, we are not quite certain. Mr. Wilson, without drawing the natural conclusion, expresses not unnatural wonder at a statement of his author's about the comparative morality of *Daphnis and Chloe*—a statement which certainly seems to show either that Dunlop had not read his books with perfect attention, or else that he was speaking very much "off book." We are disposed to think, from many small signs which it would be tedious to detail in reference to the Greek romances, that he did sometimes deal in second-hand knowledge. His references to the *Bibliothèque des Romans* are sometimes rather suspicious when one comes to estimate his first-hand acquaintance with even the later forms of the romances of Charlemagne, Arthur, and the rest. Further, at the time at which he wrote, the study of Old French, Old English, and Old German was entirely in its infancy, if it can be said to have been even born, and there is something a little suspicious in his constant reference (for instance) to Guinevere by her late Italianized name of "Geneura." Lastly, the treatment is somewhat injured by an occasional affectation of the Voltairian levity which was fashionable in the literary circles of Edinburgh about the third and fourth quarters of the last century, and some few traces of which survived even far into the present. This is, we think, a strict and almost ungenerous enumeration of Dunlop's defects; but, on the other hand, he evidently had the root of the matter in him. It is the constant experience of the critic of literary history that the writers before him fall into two widely separated classes. There are the persons who are sometimes most laudably careful and sometimes most illauidably careless, but who, whether they are the one, or whether they are the other, never seem really to grasp the contents, the relations, or anything else, of the books they discuss. And there are the persons, careful and careless alike, who do grasp these contents and relations. A man of the one kind will study the most complete and scholarly editions painfully for weeks and know nothing about them after all. A man of the other will give the most cavalier glance at a bad late copy and yet will see what the virtue of the original was. Dunlop was for the most part of the latter and happier class, and he shows it in his book. Moreover, it is to be remembered that he had constant access to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, which was one of the richest of his time in the sort of literature which suited his purpose, and that the whole society of which he formed part (he was born in 1785 and died in 1842, just as the literary fortunes of Edinburgh began to decline) was saturated with the literary spirit. His book is unequal, the Italian part being much better than the rest; and it was rather unhappily planned, adopting, and that not too consistently, an almost impossible division between verse and prose, and going on much too

\* *History of Prose Fiction*. By John Colin Dunlop. New edition, Revised, with Notes and Appendices, by H. Wilson. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons. 1888.

late for complete treatment even at the time he wrote. But it is, and will remain, a book.

Mr. Wilson's fashion of re-editing is of course, like most things, open to criticism. His appendix, dealing with the modern novels—German, Russian, Scandinavian, &c.—which have come into fashion of late years has this obvious drawback, that it is rather hard on the two great novel literatures of Europe, French and English, both of which were but beginning their chief period when Dunlop wrote, to be left practically at the state of 1814, while the mushroom fiction of Russia and the rest is carried on to the present day. It would have been very much wiser, we think, to have left to some new author the task of continuing Dunlop, or to have done it in a third volume by itself, and, as far as the text went, to have written up the book by notes, &c., to the period at which the author originally left off, with a view to the more extended literary knowledge of the present day. Mr. Wilson, however, though he has done the other thing, has not left this undone, and has evidently bestowed great pains on the task. He had a little help from the laborious German translator and editor of Dunlop, but he has by no means limited himself to this, and has, in extensive notes, abstracted a very great deal of information, and given exact references to a very great deal more. The book was always instructive, even in its seventy years' old condition; but Mr. Wilson has made it more instructive still. It was perhaps unavoidable that he should, to all appearance, have gone rather to the best sources of second-hand information than to the originals. A man who had done the latter (and it would take him many years) would hardly be content with merely annotating Dunlop. Still there are certain drawbacks attending Mr. Wilson's process, inevitable as we have admitted it to be. One is that, instead of having, as in the original, a uniform account of the subject as it appears to one and the same mind, we have a congeries of estimates, taken from a vast number of sources, and often made originally from very different points of view. Mr. Wilson's plan, moreover, is not the plan of giving the actual words of Brown, or the actual words of Jones, in inverted commas, so that they, with the praise or the blame of them, be on Brown's or Jones's head. He makes a cento (or rather a pile of solid blocks) from his authors, and at the end puts "Brown, Jones, Smith, Robinson"—a proceeding rather uninteresting to the unlearned, and sometimes not quite fair to the individual persons quoted. We may add that his preliminary list of authors quoted, though full, is not exhaustive, and has the singular drawback of being arranged pell-mell, neither in alphabetical nor in any other order. This makes it very difficult of consultation. The worst drawback of all, however, has still to be noted. In Mr. Wilson's most praiseworthy attempt to work up the subject he has more than once adopted views which are the views not of to-day, but of yesterday; this being especially the case in reference to the Arthurian romances, where M. Gaston Paris and others are just bidding us unlearn most things that M. Paulin Paris taught us. It would probably have been wiser not to attempt anything but what Dunlop himself attempted—a luminous and sufficient account of the argument of the story, with some general critical remarks on it—and to leave quarrels of commentators and theories of origins sternly alone. But the fact is that the task which Mr. Wilson has undertaken was so very difficult a one that it was impossible for him not to expose himself to criticism, both of the minutest and the more general sort. We prefer to acknowledge, cordially enough, the pains he has taken, the excellence of his bibliographical references, and the general good deed of putting a worthy work of the past in a condition to have its worth duly estimated by the present.

Dunlop lived before the days of "folklore," or in the earliest of them; and, though in his introduction and elsewhere he takes some just views of fiction in general, it had not apparently occurred to him to notice or point out the interesting conclusions which, without over-generalization, may be drawn from comparison of the fiction, especially the prose fiction (to which in name, though not strictly in fact, he confined himself), of all recorded time. The "common forms" of fiction are comparatively few, and they reproduce themselves, as is well known, at times and in races of the widest diversity with almost the fidelity of animal or vegetable species. It would appear as if there were certain moulds or forms of story in the human brain, into one or other of which invention, as it is pleasantly called, is pretty certain to run. The absurd outcries about plagiarism are due mainly to ignorance of this fact, and could hardly by any possibility be raised by any one who had pursued, at least with knowledge and profit, the study of the subject of Dunlop, or even of Dunlop himself. Nor is this the only "fructification" (as the ministers whom the Sheriff of Renfrewshire sat, or did not sit, under would have said) which is derivable from that study. The constant fluctuation between the pure romance and the novel of manners, the immense popularity of fiction when it is popular, and the like, are other matters to which attention must almost necessarily be drawn. It is doubtless unfortunate, from one point of view, that Dunlop should, as has been said, have undertaken his task just before the determination for more than half a century of the most fertile and active, if not the best, intellects of Europe into prose fiction. But the fact supplies an additional reason for simply correcting his work as it is, and leaving it to another and a different historian to survey the rise, progress, and, as some will have it, decadence of the novel since

Waverley. He could not himself possibly know how exactly at the end of one order of things and the beginning of another his work had come.

As we have said, not all parts of that work are of equal value, and not all have been equally worked up by Mr. Wilson. The editor has spent his principal pains on the classical and mediæval periods (though Dunlop's strangely superficial account of Lucian as a romancer ought to have received more attention) and on the fiction of the last century. The Renaissance, especially in France, is not well treated in the original, and Mr. Wilson has apparently not seen his way to set the matter straight. The *Cent nouvelles nouvelles* and the *Heptameron* are very slightly handled, and the tales of Desperiers still worse. But the most inadequate section of the whole is given to Rabelais—an inadequacy not surprising when it is found that Dunlop unhesitatingly adopts the "historical" interpretation. It is fair to say, however, that Bunyan is almost as badly treated as Rabelais. The Scotch sheriff's positive temper seems to have been able to a certain extent to enjoy pure romance like the mediæval tales, and still more their slightly sophisticated versions in the Italian, but to have been baffled alike by the humour of Master Francis and the religiosity of the Elstow tinker. A third author to whom he is far from just is Le Sage. But the fact is that Dunlop's value does not lie in criticisms of particular authors. It lies in his clear panoramic view of a huge and complicated subject, and in this respect we are inclined to think that he shows gifts superior to those of authors much more highly ranked on the shelves of "any gentleman's library."

#### STORIES.\*

MR. T. H. PERELAER'S rather surprising romance *Baboe Dalima*, translated by the Rev. E. J. Venning, has several faults which are not new to the constant patron of circulating libraries. It is a novel with a definite purpose, and that purpose is of a moral character. It is unnatural. It is clumsily written. The characters are uniformly repellent. The story is extremely long, profoundly dull, and decidedly indecent. One fault it has from which Britannie fiction is almost invariably free. The depressing but virtuous young person who gives her name and style to the volume falls a victim to the fiend in human shape who seeks her ruin, and is not even consoled by a union with the rather brutal savage who is lord of her young affections. The book is all about opium, and the sale, smuggling, monopolizing, and abuse of opium which prevail in Java under the rule of the Dutch. "Baboe" appears to be Javanese for Ayah, and Dalima is the name of the baboe of the heroine. All through the book persons who consume or traffic in opium perpetrate diabolical wickedness, whereat a band of gloomy young male prigs are much shocked. They keep proclaiming "War, war to the knife against the opium-trade"; but they never do anything to stop it. The heroine, Dalima's mistress, is an angel of insipid purity, and marries the gloomiest of the prigs. Both her parents are, as the author observes parenthetically, "strangely unlike their high-minded child." Each of them is a villain, and each of the fair villains in the story is a study of wickedness of various descriptions, with about as few redeeming qualities as a Javanese devil has beauties to mitigate his ugliness. At last the heroine's mamma gets murdered, as do all the other villains, including her husband, who, instead of being merely crested, as the lady is in consideration of her sex, is flogged to death with kamadoog. This vegetable is the only really pleasing thing in the book. It is also called "devil-thistle," and is a sort of stinging-nettle. You make a scourge of it, tie your man up, and beat him, first quite gently, and afterwards harder. "Whenever those dreadful leaves lightly fell on the skin the body at once shrunk away in pain, the limbs began to quiver, the muscles began to work up and to stiffen in knots, as if drawn together by violent cramp." If you stop pretty soon the only result is "a burning fever, which not unfrequently ends in the most painful death." If you go on longer the patient dies on the spot. Mr. Perelaer says the kamadoog is "the most terrible plant, perhaps, which the earth produces." It furnishes the least uninteresting passages, perhaps, which his story contains.

It is all very well to be, as a famous writer of fashionable romance is alleged to have recently informed the world that he is, "a true blue Meredith person," but it is an awful thing to carry the truth and blueness of one's admiration for Mr. George Meredith to the point of endeavouring to write in his undeniably peculiar style. No less a task has been undertaken by Mr. William

\* *Baboe Dalima; or, the Opium Fiend.* By T. H. Perelaer. Translated from the Dutch by the Rev. E. J. Venning, M.A. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1888.

*St. Margaret.* By William Tirebuck. Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay, & Mitchell. 1883.

*Rhys Lewis, Minister of Bethel: an Autobiography.* By Daniel Owen. Translated from the Welsh by James Harris, Editor of "The Red Dragon." Author of "The Bar Sinister" &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1883.

*A Starved Soul.* By W. Lerwick Fermor. London: Wyman & Sons. 1883.

*A Mexican Girl.* By Frederick Thickstan. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1883.

*The Chaplain's Secret.* By Léon de Tinséau. Translated from the French by Annie Vizetelly. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1888.

*The Keys of Saint Martin's.* London: Houlston & Sons. 1883.

Tirebuck, and the result is that his small and nicely-printed volume is excelled by few prose compositions of the same magnitude in difficulty of conscientious perusal. It is the story of a dissatisfied "missioner." To begin with, he worked a mission for an æsthetic vicar, with a lovely daughter, whom Jerome, the missionary, was in the habit of calling St. Margaret, and whom he presently infected with his dissatisfaction. They both deserted the vicar, but separately, and went about seeking satisfaction, until at last it occurred to them to marry each other, when they found it. Meanwhile one or both of them had independently made trial of religion, the political organization of Radicals, lecturing on social topics, hospital nursing, miscellaneous interference with other people in order to do them good, and being secretary to a celebrated and kindly atheist, who was engaged in the production of immortal works, with a general resemblance in plan to those of Mr. Herbert Spencer. One and all of these pursuits, with a dubious and partial exception in favour of the last, they discover to be hollow. The kind of satisfaction which these abject persons obtain when they resolve to marry may be surmised from the following sentiment uttered by Mr. Jerome two pages from the end:—

I thank God, I thank experience, I thank progress, call it what we may, that all the strife has not been in vain. I am now at one with the adoration of all men, if adoration results in adorable deeds. I am Pagan, Grecian, Roman, English, and, like some of the South Pacific tribes, I can worship the first thing I meet in the morning.

Here are two examples of the less disastrous results of being too true blue a Meredith person:—

It became an exciting meeting at the bottom of the stairs. Questions and replies crossed each other on the bright surface of our greeting like flashes in shot silk.

He gave me a glance of private inquiry, and stopped short and sharp, as if that invisible commander, Sympathy, had called "Halt!"

He put his hand, like the upper hook of a mark of interrogation, on my shoulder, while his eye completed the punctuation.

Such phrases look harmless enough, but they lead to horrors like this:—

At times a swooning heat passed over my brain, and with a shudder I would shake from my right hand the under-warmth of Trencham's throat. It was a horrible and terrifying visitation, a sort of deadly taint in my blood; my blood felt it and made me think of it in defiance of myself. The sensation usually caught me when undressing; just at the unbuttoning of the collar.

In conclusion, we have the honour to acquaint Mr. Tirebuck that Mr. Jerome never got the house and 500*l.* which the Spencerian atheist left him in his will. For Jerome witnessed the atheist's signature, and, therefore, no devise or bequest to him was valid.

With some diffidence we commend Mr. Daniel Owen, presumably of Wales, and Mr. James Harris, editor of *The Red Dragon*, the "National Magazine" of that gallant but oppressed principality, to the favourable notice of Mr. William D. Howells, Arbitrator-in-Chief of Romantic and Poetic Literature to the United States of America. For Mr. Owen has written, and Mr. Harris of *The Red Dragon* has translated, a work of fiction which should go far to convince Mr. Howells that, however degraded may be the contemporary and recent (and ancient, too, for that matter) productions of the English muse, there are still some struggling shoots of promise, which might possibly blossom, if encouraged by the dissolution of the United Kingdom, into something fit for Americans to read. The story of Rhys Lewis, told by himself, as far as it goes is really not totally unlike some of Mr. Howells's own work. The qualification is necessary, because, by the mercy of Heaven, when Rhys Lewis had laboriously perused the exceedingly long and absolutely uninteresting recital of his boyhood and youth, he found himself about to die, which, as the introduction informs us, he duly did, whereby we are saved from the perusal of his history after he became minister of a poky chapel in the small colliery town of which he was a native. His mother was an exceedingly devout and particularly unfortunate woman. His father was a drunkard, a poacher, and a fugitive from justice (wounding with intent). His brother was a collier, got himself most properly sent to gaol for making a speech to a mob when a riot was momentarily impending, and was finally killed in an explosion. The "autobiography" consists of 432 closely-printed pages, wherein these and a few other events are sparsely imbedded in a mountain of disquisition, partly religious and partly miscellaneous, but uniformly dull.

*A Starved Soul* is a little military story, amiable, unpretentious, and not of any startling merit. The hero, whose soul is starved, incurs much discomfort by reason of his own silliness and credulity; and the heroine, who has done nothing to deserve it, shares the unpleasant results of those defects. The author has an irritating little habit of writing proper names, real or otherwise, as T—n, K—e, and the like. When it comes to calling a Cunard steamer the *C—a* his reticence is almost as inexplicable as his ingenuousness in describing as A—h a small town in the North of Ireland with Protestant and Roman Catholic cathedrals in it. It would be simpler to write Armagh, and not a bit less misleading. Inhabitants of the Isle of Wight will be surprised to learn that there was a railway from Newport, *via* Sandown, to Ryde before 1870.

The Mexican Girl had eyes and sang songs. The former "were the concentrated eyes of generations of demoniac ancestors." The latter were "the conserved sunshine of hundreds of Andalusian

summers, assimilated into melody by forgotten troubadours." Therefore, as was but natural, Roslin, who had come to New Ripa, Cal., U.S.A., to teach school, loved her madly. So his friends mentioned to him that the Mexican Girl was no better than she should be, but, on the contrary, was the mother, by a Mexican ex-bandit, of a little boy whom she passed off as her brother. So Roslin went away. This choice story is declared on its paper cover to have been "Entered at the Post Office at Boston as Second-class Matter." And very properly entered.

Yet another translation; this time from the French. Like many other French tales which are eminently suitable for translation by ladies, *The Chaplain's Secret* makes a poor, sentimental, namby-pamby, and rather dull little story in English. It is well enough translated, but hardly worth translating. The worst piece of English in it—and that may possibly be a misprint—is perhaps just good enough to repeat. A man being angry, his friend asks him what is the matter, and adds, "You seem to anthemize every one this morning."

*The Keys of Saint Martin's* has a sporting cover, with a picture of a railway bridge, and a train passing over it, and two keys being thrown out of one of its windows into a canal, and in the corner a vignette of a grinning, clerically-dressed, apple-cheeked curate. He is the hero, and becomes vicar of St. Martin's, where he institutes reforms, of which the chief is the abolition of pews and sittings, and the devotion of the whole church to free seats. So he makes many enemies, and has just overcome them all when he is drowned in saving the worst of them from suicide. It does not take long to read.

#### THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.\*

IF "Thormanby" had called his work a book of extracts instead of an Anecdotic Medley, he would have described it more accurately; for it mainly consists of pages upon pages of quotations from the writings of others, the source being acknowledged in some instances and not in others. Opening the volume at random, we find an extract nearly seven pages long from the writings of Major H. A. Leveson. Taking a chapter equally by chance, we find only thirty-four lines by the author. In another place we read that "*Bell's Life* for a few weeks was flooded with correspondence on the comparative merits of the English thoroughbred and the Arab." "Thormanby" appears to have diverted the greater proportion of this flood into his book. One story, a very dull one, of about ten pages in length, is given in inverted commas without any acknowledgment of its source. When the author does write a little on his own account instead of copying, his work is very tolerable, so he might just as well have written a book as made one up from the writings of others. We should think that few if any of his readers will be unfamiliar with most of the stories which he has collected in this volume. The writings of "Sam Slick" cannot be called little known, and the seven pages here quoted will be no novelty to many people. The writer has dipped largely into Blaine's *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*—a book that a large number of us have known from our childhood. Then, who has not read the works of "Nimrod," from which we have here copious extracts? *The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse* is quoted so often that we grew quite tired of its name, especially as we had read every word of it twenty years ago. But to go through the long list of books, journals, and magazines quoted by "Thormanby" would be as tedious as it would be useless. Whether the "horsey" public has any special aversion to what is commonly called "book-making," in the literary and not the sporting sense of the word, we cannot pretend to say; so we shall not venture to predict the sort of reception it may be likely to give to *The Horse and his Rider*. Careful observation has led us to the conclusion that, when nine out of ten men who are fond of horses have honoured a book upon them with their attention, they declare it to be "rot"; but, for all that, they continue to read, or at any rate to glance at, works of this nature, be they good or be they bad, whenever they come in their way.

The chapter on "The Arab and his Steed" is interesting enough. We are told on the second page that one Mussulman wrote fifty volumes on the horse. By the way, how "Thormanby's" mouth must have watered for these! But nearly the whole of this chapter, with the exception of some four pages from another source, is taken bodily from Hutton's translation of *The Horses of the Sahara*, by General Daumas. In this chapter, however, the author himself tells us, for a wonder without quoting anybody else, that Arabs will scarcely ever sell a horse of their best blood unless he has what they consider an "unlucky mark." They will sometimes also part with a piebald. "Flee him," says their proverb, "like the pestilence, for he is own brother to the cow." And they are generally glad to sell a roan—a colour they call *meghedeur-el-deum*; i.e. a pool of blood. One of the greatest feats that an Arab can teach his horse is "*El Berraka*, 'the kneeling.' The rider, remaining in his saddle, causes his horse to kneel down. This is the *ne plus ultra* of the horse and the animal." We venture to observe, in passing, that the Englishman, sometimes remaining in his saddle and sometimes not, frequently causes his horse to kneel down with little or

\* *The Horse and his Rider: an Anecdotic Medley.* By "Thormanby," Author of "Men of the Turf" &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

no teaching; but we have carefully noted this information about *El Berraka*, because it is one of the rare and precious original passages in the book. An orthodox Child of the Desert cannot endure the idea of a horse being put to draught work. A certain Arab thus expressed himself on this subject:—"Has not God made the ox for the plough, the camel to transport merchandise, and the horse alone for the race? There is nothing gained by changing the ways of God." Let the brewer, on reading this, take his horses out of his dray and send them to be trained at Newmarket! With regard to the distances that an Arab horse can travel in a day, General Daumas (in a quotation six pages in length) says that a certain mare did 240 miles in twenty-four hours, and that Abd-el-Kadir once said to him "You ask me what distance a horse can accomplish in a day. I cannot tell you very precisely; but it ought to be about fifty parasangs," i.e. a trifle over 150 miles. "But an animal that has performed such a journey ought to be carefully ridden on the following day, and allowed to do only a very much shorter distance." He also said, "without taxing him overmuch, a horse can be made to do sixteen parasangs," or about fifty miles, "day after day. A horse performing this journey every day, and having as much barley as it likes to eat, can go on without fatigue for three or four months without lying by a single day." The chapter on "English versus Arab Thoroughbreds" (seven and a half pages of *Bell's Life*) is very readable; but it would have been more "to date" if, instead of quoting from newspapers in the years 1849, 1851, and 1853, the author had told us something about the attempt to revive Arab racing at Newmarket and Sandown in the years 1884 and 1885. We will be so bold as to make a quotation or two for him on this subject. The following is from the *Sportsman* of July 3, 1884:—"It is the opinion of several of the trainers who prepared them [eight Arabs] for this race that they are very slow as compared to even a moderate class of English thoroughbred." We are now going to quote from that authentic, if somewhat dry, work, the *Racing Calendar*, for 1885:—"D. of Portland's Iambic, by Martyrdom, 4 yrs. 11 st. 7 lbs. (Watts), beat Admiral Tryon's Asil, 4 yrs. 7 st. (F. Barrett), last three miles of B.C. 100 h. ft.—5 to 4 on Iambic. Won by twenty lengths." On the 21st of May, 1885, the *Sportsman* said of this race:—

The match between Iambic and the Arab horse, Asil, was a pantomime of racing, and the result should go far towards silencing those who preach the merits of Arab blood for stamina when compared with our thoroughbreds. None will, I fancy, gainsay the assertion that Iambic is one of the worst horses in training; and yet, in addition to giving Asil, the reputed champion of the Arab breed in this country, 4 st. 7 lbs., he succeeded in presenting him with a beating which would scarcely have been averted had the Duke of Portland's colt had 14 lbs. more weight to carry. After this exhibition we shall, I should say, hear no more about Arab racing.

If "Thormanby" may make quotations, why should not we? So worthless was Iambic as a racehorse that, even after he had given the Arab champion such a tremendous beating, the Duke of Portland made a present of him, as a hack, to Lord Algernon Lennox. Yet it is but fair to add that an Arab, who was lately staying with the writer of this review, said, "Ah! But if the course had been thirty instead of three miles in length, the result would have been very different."

In the portion of the book devoted to riders and riding, there is a story from *Bentley's Miscellany*, 1852—all "Thormanby's" books and magazines seem somewhat antiquated—which may possibly amuse some people. The Persians are good riders, and an English naval officer, "who had gone ashore at Abusheher, and was there mounted on a spirited horse, afforded no small entertainment to the Persians by his bad horsemanship." He was greatly mortified at this, and an English-speaking native, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, endeavoured to comfort him, on the following day, in these words:—"Don't be ashamed, sir; nobody knows you. Bad rider? I tell them you, like all English, ride well, but that time they see you, you very drunk." The worthy Persian thought that it would have been a reproach for a man of a warlike nation not to ride well, but none for a European to get drunk." We also liked an account of the manner in which some mounted Arabs endeavoured to entertain Mr. Layard, the explorer of Nineveh. "They would gallop off to a distance, put their lances at rest, and then make deliberately for his head. The compliment consisted in stopping the charger suddenly short, so that the spear point would just touch his face. He naively adds that his life would have been sacrificed if the well-trained steeds had made the slightest false step, or by any inequality in the ground disappointed the expectations of their masters." It is scarcely necessary to say that this story is not original. We were interested, again, at reading that when Lord Palmerston was anxious to qualify a horse that he was riding for a Hunt race, for which it was necessary that he should have been in at the death of three foxes, he persuaded a master of hounds to dig for a fox that had gone to ground, until a quarter to eleven at night, in order to make up the number. It would appear that the reason of his anxiety to dig out the fox was not discovered until afterwards. This anecdote is given in inverted commas; but its source is not stated. We think it would have been better if the author had brought his chapter on jockeys down to a later year than 1848. It is probable that his readers might have been quite as much interested to have found something about Grimshaw, Wells, Fordham, or Archer, as about old Buckle. Then, in reading the chapter upon "Old Matches and New Dodges," we could not help reflecting that there have been

St. Legers of some note since the years 1824 and 1827. Several times we have been inclined to think that *The Horse and his Rider* must be a new edition, with a few alterations or additions, of a book written many years ago. If this is the case, there is nothing on the title-page, which is dated 1838, to lead the reader to think so. If, on the other hand, the work is fresh from the pen of its author, we wonder that such a reader and such a quoter of sporting literature had not come across the two volumes called *Hunting and Racing* in the excellent series known as the "Badminton Library." If he had, he would probably have given us many pages from them, and, after all, he might have done worse. He also seems to have missed Whyte Melville's *Riding Recollections*, which he would have found a mine of wealth, as well as "Stonehenge's" *The Horse in the Stable and in the Field*; and although he evidently possessed the back numbers of *Bell's Life*, he does not appear to have had those of *The Field*, which would have been more suitable for a book of this sort. Among old books on horses and horsemen, again, we think that "Thormanby" might have made a better and more varied choice. Admiral Rous on *Horse Racing*, *British Rural Sports*, Copperthwaite's book on breeding, and Sir Francis Head's work on the horse and his rider would have provided him with better matter than much which he quotes in his pages. We will not guarantee that he may not have made a few short quotations, unacknowledged or acknowledged, from one or other of these books; but, if he has, they are so short and insignificant in comparison to those from his favourite authors, as to have escaped our notice. On the whole, we are so vain as to think that we could have made a more interesting selection from other people's books than this. Most certainly we could easily have produced something more modern. We have only to add that if *The Horse and his Rider* is in reality an old book, either reprinted or printed for the first time, this fact ought to have been mentioned on the title-page or in a preface, in justice both to the author and to his reviewers, and that, if it is a newly-written book, it is sadly out of date.

## DE LIBERTAT.\*

IN this slender and handsome volume, Mr. A. L. Liberty has put together a collection of notices of the family of De Libertat, and especially of its most distinguished member, Pierre de Libertat, who secured Marseilles for Henry IV. in 1596. The family was of Corsican origin, and once bore the name of Baglioni. It acquired the appellation of Libertà from a successful attack made by Piero Baglioni on the tyrants of Calvi, his native town, in 1400. His descendants settled in Marseilles, and Pierre, who was chosen one of the twelve Captains of the city in 1591, was for some time a member of the party of the two Consuls, Charles de Casaulx and Louis d'Aix, who succeeded in establishing a kind of dictatorship over their fellow-citizens, and were zealous supporters of the League. When, however, these Consuls plotted to deliver Marseilles into the hands of the King of Spain, Pierre raised a revolt against them, and, in spite of the efforts of a body of Spanish troops, and of the presence of Doria's fleet, which lay in the harbour, succeeded in overcoming the Spanish faction, and enabled the Duke of Guise to enter the city. Henry rewarded him richly for his services, though not more richly than he deserved; for it is impossible to calculate the damage which France would have sustained had Marseilles become a Spanish port. Pierre left no children, but his family—as will be seen by the Genealogies quoted here—was resident in Marseilles early in the latter half of the last century. Mr. Liberty gives a copy of a rude portrait of the "Liberator," drawn by a contemporary, and a representation of a statue of him, which stood in the Hôtel de Ville at Marseilles until it was broken up by the Communists.

## DIALECT.†

THE English Dialect Society are issuing their blue-books at a rate that bids fair to rival the Parliamentary blue-books, which are said to be such very fascinating reading to those who venture inside their covers. These blue-books are so like the real ones that their appearance in a library would be almost enough to make a reputation for political profundity. But, as they are very far indeed from plunging into the sloughs of politics, no one need be deterred from entering upon them by the blueness thereof. They are very amusing; and, if the blessings of a large library fell to one's lot, a few shelves of this orthodox blue would look well and impart an air of wisdom founded on fact to the surroundings. The whole English language will in

\* *De Libertat: a Historical and Genealogical Review, comprising an Account of the Submission of the city of Marseilles, in 1596, to Henry of Navarre, and the Lineage of the Family De Libertat from the XIVth to the XVIIth Century.* London: Pettitt & Co. 1888.

† *A Glossary of Words used in the Neighbourhood of Sheffield.* By Sidney Oldall Addy, M.A. London: Published for the English Dialect Society by Trübner & Co. 1888.

*A Glossary of Berkshire Words and Phrases.* By Major B. Lowley, Royal Engineers. London: Published for the English Dialect Society by Trübner & Co. 1882.

time be amassed in these volumes. Not the mere language of the dictionaries and of literature, but the whole tongue, every word that is ever used in any county, parish, or village, with the exception usually, but not always—and a weighty exception it is—of those common naughty words which make superior persons blush. Perhaps a volume even of these words, locked up in a Milner's safe, and hid in a dark room on the Dialect Society's premises, which nobody could ever see, might one day have its antiquarian use when dug up by some New Zealander of too refined a nature to blush at anything. People who speak dialects are given to calling a spade a spade, and they express themselves among themselves pretty freely, not being learned enough to draw a modest veil of Latin over their naked English after the manner of the medical profession.

The mass of words gathered together by the English Dialect Society will some day require sifting, sorting, and selecting, for the heap at the present time is a confused jumble of every word that is ever heard of, with the exceptions noted above. A very competent person, or a congress of competent persons, when the labour of collecting, recording, and blue-booking has been completed throughout every corner of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, must undertake the task of rejecting everything that is not dialect, and giving to each place the words which belong to it, and no other. The members of the Dialect Society appear to work every one for his own hand, and there is a plentiful lack of system throughout their proceedings. If the Society were to lay down positive rules as to what should be deemed dialect, and what should not be so classed, refusing to accept any words that did not come under their definition, their publications would be of far more value than they now are, and would be far more attractive. The Society ought to have begun with a definition of dialect as a first stage, and have kept their erratic members, whose industry every one can but admire, within bounds. There are a vast number of words in their volumes that are not dialect at all, and many words that are real curiosities of dialect have escaped notice. It is by no means easy to say whether a particular word in common use is dialect, or a corruption of English, or a mere invention of the speaker, so curious are the means employed by clever though ignorant persons to express themselves. A clever metaphorical word may be used, and caught up by a whole village, but never get beyond it. Is this dialect? Let the Dialect Society say. On the South coast some French words are in common use, picked up in the smuggling days, and pronounced according to the manner of speech there in vogue. Are these dialect? The Dialect Society ought to say. Surely it was due from the Dialect Society that they should state what they meant by dialect before they set out on their wandering ways. Is dialect a local peculiarity of pronunciation; or is it a local peculiarity of tongue, not English; or is it the use of English in a local peculiarity of sense? At any rate, if it is all three of these, it is quite necessary for a scientific purpose to distinguish each by a mark indicating to which of the three varieties it belongs. The work that the Society has undertaken is so interesting, so valuable, and, in the face of the present school system, so necessary, as all curiosities of speech may now soon be lost for ever, that any one with any antiquarian feeling at all, or with any taste for language, must be anxious that it should be well and thoroughly done. The numerous volumes already sent forth to the world rather tend to inspire despair than to encourage the explorer, and it is with a great desire to praise the attempt to collect dialects that we offer objections to the manner thereof. A great number of words have been collected, attributed by the collectors to certain districts, and published as the dialects of Chester, Kent, Somersetshire, Sheffield, or Berkshire, as the case may be. But on running through these volumes an actual majority of them are found to be common to all England, even in pronunciation, and should belong only to a slang dictionary. Why should students be troubled with such words? or is the Dialect Society prepared to pronounce them dialect? Here are a few to be found in one page only, taken at random from the *Sheffield Glossary* (p. 152):—

- MOTHER, *sb.*—A jelly-like substance taken from the bottom of vinegar casks.  
 MOTTY.—A motto or mark.  
 MOZY, *adj.*—Dingy, faded (mossy of course).  
 MUCH.—A wonder, a marvel. "It's much if he's living now."  
 MUDDLY, *adj.*—Thick, foggy.  
 MUDDN'T, *v.*—Might not.  
 MUFFATEE, *sb.*—A small woollen cuff worn on the wrist.  
 MUFFLED.—Covered with feathers.  
 MUG, *sb.*—The face.  
 MUG-POT, *sb.*—A pint pot.  
 MULL, *sb.*—A blunder.  
 GREY MARE, *sb.*—A woman who rules her husband.

Then there are purely English words to be found in all dictionaries, such as the following:—Bib, Brazen-faced, Entry, Fall out, Gad-about, Gag, Loaf, Polled (polled cattle), Stark naked, Stone jar, Take, Vine-knife (a knife to prune vines!), Whin, Words, &c.

Is the Dialect Society prepared to pronounce these dialect? If not, why are they published as dialect, and why are they put to swell volumes of blue-books?

The two volumes before us are by no means the most faulty that we have seen; nevertheless a very small portion of them consists of dialect proper. If a provincial pronunciation is dialect, the whole contents of an English dictionary may be at once transferred to every volume dedicated to every county,

or even village, such are the varieties of utterance. Surely it is not the purpose of the Dialect Society to make this their special study. Provincialism is usually a vulgarism arising from ignorance and want of taste; sometimes it is a remnant of old forms of speech, but very often only a careless and rapid mode of utterance. As Charles Buller said, he knew a Devonshire lady who could say "scarlet geranium" in one syllable. If this is dialect, it is not very interesting, and there is no need to put it into blue-books. Dialect should consist of curiosities of expression, the survivals of an old bygone tongue, or local methods of speech not to be found in literature, which are often highly metaphorical, very graphic, interesting, and amusing.

Mr. Addy's volume on Sheffield has great merits, and the introduction is very much to the purpose. He quotes the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., who published a list of words in 1829. Hunter says:—"In preparing such a list care must be taken to distinguish the true archaism from what is mere vulgarism; but care must also be taken not to dismiss as vulgarism what, in truth, is an archaism. See the word *Coyle*." Words of wisdom. In this glossary this word is spelt "Coil, *sb.*, coal (a vulgarism)," but in the addenda and errata "Coil or quoil, *v.*, to make into large heaps." Hunter goes on:—"The difference between an archaism and a vulgarism may be illustrated from the word *over-plush*, which is clearly a corruption made by ignorance and vulgarity." And yet after this broad hint we have in the Glossary—*Over, adv.*, very, *over-pleased*—a vulgarism all over England. Again, says Hunter, "Some are omitted because they are common elsewhere; but many are inserted which can by no means be considered as peculiar. I think we have only one word which is a decided Celtic word, and that, *pudoris causa*, I omit." Of course some of the most truly archaic words are omitted *pudoris causa*, for there was no *pudor* in early days, and the folk had no Latin fig-leaves to cover their linguistic nakedness. Mr. Addy's introduction is a very interesting description of the Sheffield district, sometimes called Hallamshire, which is well worth reading, and is an excellent prelude to his Glossary. But the Glossary itself, we regret to say, does violence to the good rules laid down by Hunter, and is full of vulgarisms common to all England, with not a few English words to be found in all dictionaries. Among the real curiosities of dialect will be found the following:—

- BLORE, *v.*—To weep.  
 COLLYWOGGLE, *v.*—To set to rights. "I'd like to get a basin of hot water, and a bit of soap, and then I'd collywoggle her."  
 KUSS, *sb.*—The mouth.  
 MARDY, *sb.*—A spoiled child.  
 POUCEY, *adj.*—Poor, paltry.  
 QUEE-CALF, *sb.*—A female calf (? queen).  
 SCADDLE, *adj.*—Timid.  
 YAWMAGORP, *sb.*—A yawn.  
 FLURIBOKE, *sb.*—A flourish, finery in female dress, &c.

Major Lowsley, in his *Glossary of Berkshire Words and Phrases*, is modest in the matter of pages, of which he only troubles the world with 199, the introductory included. In the introductory he gives the pronunciation peculiar to the county, a grammar, sayings and phrases, customs, and superstitions. The Glossary has the faults of the others, burdened with vulgarisms which prevail throughout the English-speaking world. In fact, it contains little else, and it is not easy to find an archaism, though there are a few.

The peculiar English pronunciations of the *th* are reported in these volumes to be omitted both in Sheffield and Berkshire, where the *th* is always pronounced as *t*. This has arisen, no doubt, from slovenliness of speech, as many other corruptions have arisen, for both these places are very English. A Highlander might be excused on other grounds, but a truly English-speaking race can have no excuse.

Let the English Dialect Society go on their way rejoicing. We most heartily wish them good speed; but the sooner they adopt a scientific method the better for us all.

#### CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.\*

THE name of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe would now probably be known to few had he not been the lifelong associate of Sir Walter Scott. Of all he did and said, the most familiar thing is that sketch of Queen Elizabeth "dancing high and disposedly" which so many tourists have seen at Abbotsford. But if a reputation mainly social and antiquarian has naturally waxed dim, it should be revived by the most interesting collection, *Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's Correspondence*. To every Scotsman with a touch of literature these memorials of one whose father was the friend of Burns, and to whom Scott wrote the most pathetic of his later letters, will be full of charm. That the Correspondence will be as attractive to readers who are neither Scotch nor antiquarians we can hardly expect; but even they will find abundance of curious anecdotes in the midst of matter alien to their tastes and remote from their knowledge.

The Correspondence, which begins before the century and ends in 1850, doubtless gives materials for a judgment on the character of Sharpe. But perhaps it is better not to pronounce a general

\* *Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe*. Edited by Alexander Allardyce. With a Memoir by the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

verdict. Sharpe did not, of course, select these letters for publication. Many of them contain unamiable, some of them undignified, traits—for example, the singular epistle to William Henry Oram, of the Scots Greys (II. 183). Even in youth Sharpe had an unpleasantly caustic pen, and a mind of the Swiftian sort. In writing to his mother he often displays the least amiable qualities of the Dean, and dwells on matters which, out of the country of the Yahoos, it is usual to avoid. His biographer, the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford, speaks of his "mocking spirit of make-believe sarcasm"; but he "made-believe" with only too much success. However, his unpleasant vices were made scourges to him, as Lady Charlotte Bury published certain flippant letters of his very many years after they were written. She is accused of having garbled them; but they contained abundance of the authentic Sharpe. No more need be said of his humour, from which Scott might have borrowed that of the bitter, crippled knight in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. Sharpe had this Carlylean element in his nature, and he lived for long as a solitary, much-deserted, or wilful recluse. But the circumstances in his lonely life which may have soured him are not clearly to be discovered in his Letters. It must be said for him that he was the friend of Sir Walter Scott, whence it follows that in his nature, too, there existed somewhere a sweetness answerable to the character of the one poet who knew not envy nor jealousy. That Sharpe wrote bitterly about the badness of Scott's novels after Scott's death is the worst we learn of him; let it be hoped that this sarcasm was "make-believe."

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe was the third son of Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, and akin to the Griersons of Lag, and (of course) to the Stewarts. That Scotchman who has no drop of "King's blood" like Alan Breck, is hard to find. After a youth spent in a lonely old castle, which he seems to have loved in spite of its melancholy, Sharpe went up to Christ Church in 1798. The great Dean of Canning's time, Cyril Jackson, he spoke of scornfully, but then he was a very Carlyle in his general contemptuousness. He wrote some painfully dull and virulent satires and found the undergraduates "a set of as scurvy companions as eyes ever looked on." He was already a collector, buying "painted glass and prints" and treasuring a "Robert the Bruce shilling." Examinations, such as they then were, made him hopelessly nervous. He greatly desired a studentship and thought of taking orders. Oxford he dispraised of course. Yet he owns that "I have been and am so happy that were the seasons now to change with me, and misfortunes to come on, I should have very little reason to complain of my measure of good and evil in this world." He got into an antiquarian set, including Surtees, who sent him a manuscript work which was not a forgery. This is strange; but there seems no doubt that the Kirkton MS. afterwards published by Sharpe was not composed by Surtees. By the way, it is very curious to find Sir Walter saying, "I scarce know anything so easily discovered as the piecing and patching of an old ballad; the darns in an old stocking are not more manifest." Yet *Bartram's Dirge*, which Surtees palmed off on Scott, was all darn, like a famous pair of stockings, more than once alluded to by Sir Walter. Sharpe made the acquaintance of the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*, by sending him the *Twa Corbies* (which he may have heard in the "spinning days" at Hoddam) and the *Douglas Tragedy* (August 5, 1802). Scott replies that Ritson had published the English version of the former piece "from an ancient MS."—meaning, probably, *Melismata*, a printed collection. A correspondence now began, and in 1803 Scott visited Sharpe at Christ Church. But the scion of Hoddam treats this visit in a very cavalier manner:—

The Border Minstrel paid me a visit some time since on his way to town, and I very courteously invited him to breakfast. He is dreadfully lame, and much too poetical. He spouts without mercy, and pays compliments so high flown that my self-conceit, tho' a tolerably good shot, could not even wing one of them. . . . He also invited me to his cottage in Scotland, and I promised him a visit with the same sincerity I practise in the affair of Mr. Yorkston's dinners. I do think that a little fib of this kind is a very venial sin; only, when the ice is once broken, people very often sink with a vengeance.

Sharpe now "collected" a ballad, *Lady Errol*, which does not appear in the *Minstrelsy*, but which he found it convenient to send, with superfluously knowing comments, to Miss Campbell of Monzie. This fair amateur can have been no prude. The ballad is in Sharpe's own *Ballad Book*, printed much later (s.a. 1823-24) by Webster, and republished by David Laing. The *Ballad Book's* best thing is the fragment of the "Queen of Elf-land's Nourice," to which we find no reference in the Letters. Returning from this digression to 1803, we find Sharpe calling Scott "a very tedious fellow"; but this may refer merely to a delay in publishing the *Minstrelsy*. Sharpe had not neglected opportunities of knowing Tufts, and Lord Gower (later Duke of Sutherland) corresponded with him often till his death. Lord Gower found Scott's books "extremely dear," as rich men generally do find books, whatever their price. Another very acute friend of Sharpe's, William Fitzgerald, Esq., declares that "Scott appears to me to be an impostor." As the maker of a discovery so remarkable, William Fitzgerald, Esq., deserves to live in literary history with the man whom James Hogg met on the top of a coach, and who had never heard of Scott at all.

On leaving Christ Church Sharpe went back to Scotland, and his life became that of the antiquary, the gossip, and the "character." He tried original poetry, he tried political squibs, but his main occupations were grubbing (chiefly for scandals) in old

Scotch family history—designing comic sketches, collecting old books, prints, and so forth—and writing sarcastic letters. The Margravine of Anspach and Lady Charlotte Campbell (later Lady Charlotte Bury) were his favoured correspondents. Through the indiscretion of the latter he made acquaintance with the criticism of Mr. Thackeray, who did not mince matters when reviewing Lady Charlotte's notorious "Diary." Sharpe came to think Lady Charlotte bad and mad, as he had long before found Shelley. "I remember him at Oxford, mad—bad—and trying to persuade people that he lived on aquafortis." It was in London, before 1813, that Sharpe made such fashionable acquaintances as he possessed; he was fond of presenting ladies, in particular, with sketches from his comic, if untrained, pencil. A number of examples, both of portraits by Sharpe and of his grotesque designs, add to the interest of his Correspondence.

Sharpe's letters to Scott, with Scott's replies, are naturally the most interesting to readers fond of literary history. With Hogg and Leyden, and later with Wilson and Lockhart, Sharpe seems to have had no correspondence, or very little; but Scott and he lived in a constant exchange of presents, old books, and curiosities, such as a certain Priepean Indian god which Sharpe valued highly. Sir Walter displays that frank contempt of public taste which is not unusual among successful artists. "Do you remember what Cadwallader says to a person whom he wishes to entertain his wife?—'Say anything to Beck, no matter what nonsense. She's a damned fool, and will not know the difference.' The same I say unto thee with respect to the public. It is inconceivable how coarse and voracious their appetite is for anything that contains spunk and dash"—of which qualities the public in all ages receives but little from novelists. Scott's lament over Camp, his bull terrier, is already familiar, and Sir Walter's grammar (as usual) no better than it need be. "The poor old fellow began life (as they say) along with my wife and I." Sharpe's own style, by the way, at certain moments resembled Thackeray's; thus:—"The Duke was a bad son, a bad husband, and an indifferent father, besides silly, and led by the nose; but then that nose was beautiful, and the feature of a prince of numerous accomplishments—brave, sincere to his friend, constant to his mistress, and wretchedly unfortunate." As early as 1811 we find Sharpe questioning Scott about *Gull's Gabions*, the book which gave a byword to the Antiquary, and a title to the unfinished *Reliquiae Trotcosienses*, or *Gabions of Jonathan Oldbuck*. Indeed, the tract is hardly worth seeing; perhaps its rarity (though it went through at least two editions) endeared it to Sir Walter. Dearer to Sharpe was Keppel Craven's gossip about Byron, from Smyrna:—"I could tell you a secret which is not one wherever he has been, but shall wait till we meet, and in the meantime shall only observe that, as he is not very popular among the Englishmen that were here and in Greece with him, I think it very lucky that he is such a good shot, as that will keep their tongues in order." A project of Scott's that appealed to Sharpe was the idea of collaboration in a book of witchcraft and ghost stories. Sir Walter's share dwindled to the unlucky "Demonology"; Sharpe put his remarks into the introduction to *Law's Memorials*. "We would carefully conceal names," writes Sir Walter, "and I am certain might have a great deal of fun, and afford some to the public." To "have a great deal of fun" was a motive of Sir Walter's which certain of his critics never understand. In reply Sharpe alludes to a family ghost, "which we all heard at Dumfries many years ago." Of Cool's ghost he does not here tell the tale, thinking it over well known in its chap book form; but, alas! the ghost is now forgotten. "What an extraordinary apparition that was which a woman swore to before the coroner some years ago, when so many people were killed at Sadler's Wells!" Sharpe says; and returns later to this wraith, beheld by three witnesses. Why has not Mr. Allardyce recovered and printed the story? The tale of Claverhouse's ghost (I. 367) is curious, as it appeared in foreign parts; but the correspondent who tells it to Sharpe is a sceptic. Of Burns Sharpe writes:—"I remember him well, and he always appeared to be formed for the most enchanting lover in the world, whatever he might prove as a poet." In January 1829 Scott and Sharpe appear to have hired a window in the Lawn Market, to see Burke, the murderer, justified therein. Partnership can hardly be carried further. Almost the last letter of Sharpe to Scott (9th April, 1831) shows the ruling passion strong in both antiquaries. Sharpe returns to the Sadler's Wells' ghost, and congratulates Sir Walter on acquiring a certain copy of "Satan's Invisible World Displayed," concerning which Scott wrote a long note in the unpublished *Reliquiae Trotcosienses*. Then comes this ominous remark:—"The account of your health which you give me vexes me, though I am in no fear. Are you sure, kind, beloved, and most respected friend of my soul, that you keep your feet warm enough?" It was too late for that simple precaution. Then, in September 1831, comes the last of Sir Walter's epistles:—

I am just setting off for the Mediterranean, a singular instance of luck; for I have no sooner put my damaged fortune into as good a condition as I could desire, than my health, which till now has been excellent, has failed so utterly in point of strength, that while it will not allow me to amuse myself by travelling, neither will it permit me to stay at home. I should like to have shaken hands with you, as there are few I regret so much to part with. But it will not be. . . . I am only happy that I am to see Malta. Always yours, well or ill,

WALTER SCOTT.

Though his friendship with "The Shirra" is the central interest

of Sharpe's life to us, his other correspondence and his valiant battle for the antiquities of Edinburgh are also most attractive. The crabbed old gentleman who dressed for fifty years in the fashion of his undergraduate time (see the frontispiece, and compare with that in Laing's edition of the *Ballad Book*) will help his readers to pass many agreeable hours.

In gratitude to Sharpe we must not forget what we owe to his editor, Mr. Allardyce. The deciphering, selection, and annotation of so great a mass of letters is no light labour. Perhaps gratitude may take the useful shape of pointing out a few misprints.

In Vol. I. p. 118, for Le Geand's read Le Grand's Fabliaux; Vol. I. p. 131, for *digna lini* read *digna lini*; p. 172, did Sharpe really make the blunder in a familiar line of the Iliad? In I. 460, what is *this*—"vous ne parlez pas comme vous faites"? In Vol. II. p. 15, *à quoy remait il?* On p. 75, "*le Monde renverse*"—this is odd French, and easy to correct. On p. 20, as funny Latin, *viveri mihi videris!* These are examples of *coquilles* which Sharpe would greatly have disliked, and which should be removed in a new edition of a very pleasant book.

#### THE CINQUE PORTS.\*

THE "Historic Towns" series, to which this volume belongs, could not but have a book on the curious Hanseatic League of the so-called Cinque Ports. We say "so-called," because there are really seven towns—Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, New Romney, Rye, Winchelsea, and Hastings, besides eight "corporate members," and twenty-four "non-corporate members." The five ports only existed at a period which can hardly be fixed exactly. "From Domesday Book it would not be gathered that there were more than three such ports—namely, Sandwich, Dover, and Romney," as Mr. Burrows points out. But Hythe and Hastings may be taken with these three to make up the original "cinque," often written "synke," or "sinke." The repetition of the number in this title "probably never struck people so much as we might expect, since it very soon came to be merely a technical term." But when Winchelsea and Rye were added soon after the Conquest, the full and strictly accurate expression was "the five ports and two ancient towns." Even this description was soon modified, and the name was applied indiscriminately to all the members or "limbs" of the confederacy. It is strange that their history in a collective form has not been written before. The author thinks it may be attributed to "the depressed condition into which the Ports fell in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries." He remarks also on the absolute singularity of their history. "Neither ancient, mediæval, nor modern times, to use the familiar divisions, have afforded a parallel. The only approach to one is the career of the Hanse Towns"; but the distinction between the two cases is too great to allow the comparison to be carried far. There was first a confederation of fishermen; next this was entrusted with the defence of its own shores; and, finally, it formed a local Royal Navy, and was endowed by successive sovereigns with vast privileges, including the foremost place for its representatives at Coronations. "Though fallen into decay and ruined in the outpost service of the nation, its declining forces aroused themselves for one last gallant effort against the Spanish Armada. That may be considered its euthanasia."

The materials at Mr. Burrows's disposal might have furnished forth a much larger book. There is a constant sense of compression present wherever we open. Nevertheless, there is much that is very interesting and much more that is too briefly and tersely told. One thing is to be noted with pleasure: Mr. Burrows remarks on "the general revival of interest in local documents, and the care bestowed on their preservation." He begins with a geographical and geological survey of the south-eastern coast of our island. "Masses of shingle and sand, swept along by wind and tide, are the actual agents, conjointly with the deposits of rivers, of the changes which have filled up the Cinque Ports and affected all the neighbouring coasts." This effect of wind and tide he entitles "the law of Eastward Drift," and traces its operation in the Channel, which, for one thing, is at least two miles wider than it was two thousand years ago. Hastings is the first of the Cinque Ports affected. Its harbour occupied the site of what is now called Priory Valley. The rocks which line the coast far out to sea mark the old shore-line. "As late as the reign of Elizabeth a long island faced St. Leonard's." The fall of Hastings determined the rise of Winchelsea and Rye. In the time of the Romans there was a great tidal estuary where is now Romney Marsh. A bar of shingle has since been formed, and the great richness of the pasture-lands within its lines is caused by the layer upon layer of muddy deposit washed in by the tide from the soft Tertiary deposits of the neighbourhood. Gradually, under the fostering care of successive archbishops, the land was reclaimed. The Roman work led to the "innings" of the archbishops, and those to the destruction of Romney Harbour. The great Thomas, St. Thomas of London, as he was often called, was the pioneer of this important enterprise. In Thanet and the adjacent channels the monks of Christ Church and those of

St. Augustine were rivals—the result being eventually the closure of the passage by the Wantsum and the ruin both of Sandwich and Stonor. Instead of sailing between Thanet and the mouths of the Stour on the Kentish coast, and emerging at Reculvers on the Thames, ships had, and still have, to go round the North Foreland and brave the dangers of the Goodwin Sands.

Mr. Burrows rejects the theory of those who would derive the Warden of the Cinque Ports from the *Comes Littoris Saxonici*, who figures so mysteriously in the later history of Roman Britain. "While nothing," he says, "can be more certain than that the confederation of the Cinque Ports was of Teutonic origin, it must be confessed that there was in an uncritical age more temptation to adopt the Roman theory in this case than in any other." He describes the Roman organization, so far at least as particulars of it can be recovered; and then goes on in a spirit of historical moderation to show that "all this passed away, but not as if it had never been." He seems to believe that the Saxons occupied the Roman Rutupiae under the name of Richborough. But the sea left Richborough high and dry and Sandwich took its place. Mr. Burrows is inclined to the view that the "Lundenwic," which has given rise to so much conjecture in the laws of Eadberht and Hlothere, must be identified with Stonor, over which the citizens of London claimed rights which were recognized and regulated by charters of William Rufus, Henry I. and Stephen. This identification is very interesting, and we cannot but wish Mr. Burrows could have dwelt a little longer on the points he raises.

After the Norman Conquest the castle of Dover became the headquarters of the Cinque Ports, and its castellans the Wardens. The office, like so many others of the kind, was hereditary till the time of Richard I. He was thenceforward an officer appointed by the King, unconnected with the Ports, "save as commissioned, not strictly speaking to govern them, but to see that the barons did the duty on which their franchises depended. From the first he seems to have stood to the Ports in the position of Sheriff." Mr. Burrows traces carefully the history of the famous open-air "Court of Shepway," which, strictly speaking, still exists. The title "Barons of the Cinque Ports" is another relic of antiquity. It belonged officially to every freeman of the Ports. It was not "till the Middle Ages had quite passed away that the freemen came to be practically lost in the Corporation, and the title which had for ages been common to all freemen to be appropriated by the mayor, jurats, and members of Parliament." The Cinque Ports reached their prime in the fourteenth century. "The chroniclers and Parliament (when it begins to speak) treat the ships of the Cinque Ports as the chief standing naval force of the realm." It was the only strong, efficient, and self-supporting force on which the country could depend. In 1347 the Fleet of the Ports was five times as large as the Royal fleet. A few days before the famous victory of Sluys the barons put to flight a French squadron that had attacked Hastings and Rye, and had crossed the Channel after it, burnt part of Boulogne, seized all the ships there, and hung twelve piratical French captains. The assumption of the sovereignty of the seas by Edward brought about an immense increase of commerce, and Calais became the great English market, for neither Spaniard nor Frenchman could keep the sea. But it was not for long, and over-confidence led to the French descent in 1360, when Winchelsea was taken and sacked. A similar attack in the following year was amply revenged; but the Peace of Bretigni put a stop for the time to further hostilities. When war broke out again misfortunes crowded on the Cinque Ports. The Eastward Drift was as rapidly destroying their harbours as the French were burning their towns. Henry V. made Southampton, which was not in the Confederacy, his chief naval station, and the widespread discontent in Kent which broke out under Jack Cade was largely due to the misfortunes of the Ports. We must pass over with only a mention a large number of interesting items which might be extracted from Mr. Burrows's book. It must be allowed that it fulfils its purpose admirably under the limitations named above; but there would be room for a much larger work on the subject. The chapter on the legal institutions of the Cinque Ports is the seventh. The eighth contains their modern history; the ninth and last that of their members, very briefly summarized. One more extract we must make; we are told of Tenterden that it was chartered expressly to help Rye. "The steeple was added to the church in 1462, and, it may be remarked, was not, in the vulgar adage, connected with the Goodwin Sands, but with Sandwich haven. It ran thus:—

Of many people it hath been sayd  
That Tenterden steeple Sandwich haven hath decayed."

JOE SMITH.\*

FOOLS are so abundant that it is by no means necessary that a fraud, especially if it is a religious fraud, should be cleverly contrived in order to insure its success. The career of Joseph Smith, the inventor of Mormonism, affords a signal proof of this. Mr. Kennedy, who has collected a considerable mass of information about the "Prophet's" character and life, shows how the

\* *The Cinque Ports.* By Montagu Burrows, Captain R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

\* *Early Days of Mormonism—Palmyra, Kirtland, and Nauvoo.* By J. H. Kennedy, Editor of the "Magazine of Western History." London: Reeves & Turner. 1888.

way was prepared for the success of his imposture by the religious revivals which prevailed in the States during the early years of the century. Large numbers of people were perfectly ready to receive any doctrine as divine truth which any one declared to be so with sufficient assurance. Joseph, "the laziest and most worthless" of a thoroughly disreputable family, began life as a "water-witch," or, as he would have been called in the West of England, a "diviner." Like Dousterswivel, he pretended to find water by means of a hazel-twig, and further followed in the steps of that famous adept by asserting that he was able to discover hidden treasures. A curious account is given of the "evolution of the Book" of Mormon and of the clumsy swindle of the "golden plates," which probably was, as is suggested here, at first little more than a jest, though Smith soon saw that it might be carried on to his advantage. He sometimes found it difficult to prevent the box in which he pretended to keep the "Golden Bible" from being forcibly opened, though he declared that no one might see the book and live. Once an old associate "slipped off the cover, with the exclamation, 'By — I will see the critter, live or die,' and exposed to view a large brick." Smith was unabashed, and had a lie ready for the occasion. He seems to have composed the Book with the help of two friends, one of them an accomplice, the other more or less a dupe, and perhaps also, though this is not certain, with the aid of an unpublished "historical romance" by Solomon Spaulding, a Congregational minister, who took to business and failed. It is marvellous how such dreary nonsense came to be accepted as a divine revelation. Smith, however, ignorant rascal as he was, must have been a man of considerable capacity; it is evident that he had unusual powers of command and organization, and was ready, persevering, and courageous. Many of his schemes and pretensions ended in ludicrous failure; but he never lost heart, and never apparently lost the confidence of the mass of his followers. His downfall was mainly due to the enmity he aroused by his financial operations. He suppressed a hostile newspaper in Nauvoo, the city he founded on the Mississippi; this brought him into trouble with the authorities of the State of Illinois, and he met his richly deserved fate at the hands of a body of assassins who shot him in Carthage jail. With his death Mr. Kennedy ends his book; it contains a carefully prepared account of the rise and early development of Mormonism before the emigration to Utah and the announcement of the "revelation" concerning polygamy, and is written simply and without exaggeration.

## SPECULUM THEATRICAL.

IT is the fault of not the writer but the material that M. Vitu's sixth volume is something less interesting than its predecessors. We have the same good sense, the same good style, the same good feeling, the same distinction (as it were) of heart and hand and head; but the occasions for their exercise and display are less important than before. Of revivals there would seem to be no end, and of new plays there are but few—that is the impression left by careful reading. M. Vitu, it is true, has always something to say, and his book continues to be the best *Theatrical Mirror* we know; but one cannot help wishing that the great *premières* had come more frequently, and that of little ones and *reprises* we might have heard less.

One piece of good fortune for M. Vitu and his readers was the production of the *Bourgeois de Pont-Arcy*; another that of *Les Fourchambault*; a third, that of the long and "tufted" melodrama extracted from *Les Misérables*; a fourth—the most welcome, it would seem, of all—the first night of the *Joseph Balsamo* of MM. Alexandre Dumas. M. Vitu, as we have had occasion to note, is always sound on the question of the author of *Bragelonne* and *La Reine Margot*. He is of those, indeed, who have greatly enjoyed the immense and splendid talent of Alexander Maximus, and on the present occasion he is as judicious, and withal as cordial and affectionate as ever. He takes a manifest pleasure, for example, in sketching the achievement of 1847, when Dumas and Maquet produced not only *Joseph Balsamo* but *Bragelonne*, and *Maison-Rouge*, and the *Bâtard de Mauléon* as well, and when, what with booksellers and the theatres, the author's rights of the elder and greater artist ran up to close on twenty thousand pounds. They worked, says he, some fourteen hours a day, and to match their magnificent fecundity—"inconnue dans les annales littéraires"—one has to go back to the great Italians of the sixteenth century, to such incomparable examples of genius and accomplishment as Titian and Veronese and Tintoretto. Between them they did the work of seven men "raisonnablement douts," and they did it in such a way and to such purpose that he does not hesitate to class *Balsamo* and *Maison-Rouge* among "les meilleurs récits du roman contemporain." True it is that what we find in these two books is not the history, but the legend, of the Revolution, just as in *Vingt Ans après* and in *Bragelonne* we find the legend, not the history, of Mazarin and Louis XIV.; but that is of little or no consequence. What is certain is that "l'imagination toujours présente, l'intérêt soutenu par les combinaisons les plus dramatiques, la variété et l'exactitude générale des personnages empruntés à l'histoire"—to name no other qualities—"assurent à ces maîtres romans une

éternelle jeunesse." This, we may note in passing, was written in 1878, some thirty years after the event and with a full knowledge of whatever had been said upon the other side of the question, and it makes the savage and persistent illiberality of Granier de Cassagnac and the acrimonious envy of Quérard and Jacquot de Mirecourt (which, indeed, are ancient history) to seem whole worlds apart and whole ages away. M. Vitu is none the less careful to show that the theory of Dumas and Maquet—that, as was maintained by Joseph de Maistre, the Revolution was the work of an enormous conspiracy on the part of the Philosophers, the Free-Masons, and the Illuminates—is altogether unhistorical, and that the part ascribed to Balsamo (of whom, by the way, he gives a sober and striking little sketch which may be compared, with some profit, with the flamboyant and admirable grotesque of Carlyle) is merely romantic and picturesque. As for the play itself—a play, we are fain to believe, which would have been all the more playable had it come a few years earlier and been done and rehearsed by the author of *Catilina* and *Maison-Rouge* in active collaboration with the author of *Diane de Lys* and *Monsieur Alphonse*—M. Vitu confesses that to him it appears "comme une œuvre originale et saisissante, dont les inégalités et les défauts sont des touches de maître, qui ne nous blessent peut-être que par leur vigueur géniale et leur puissante originalité." For the cast he has little but praise. He places, for instance, the Balsamo of M. Lafontaine "parmi les plus belles et les plus complètes" of the actor's creations—an opinion from which some judges have differed; he has words of gold for the André de Taverney of Mlle. Marie Jullien; he says of the Gilbert of the piece, as played by M. Marais, that "c'est bien le jeune homme pauvre du XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, qui prend ses convoitises pour des droits et ses passions pour des vertus." This last description is a chapter of good sound history in a single sentence. M. Vitu's work abounds in such touches, and they serve (as we think) to make it unique of its kind.

A capital chapter in this new volume is that one which sets forth M. Vitu's conclusions as to the theatrical exhibition arranged by M. de Watteville (1878) in the Champ de Mars. A principal attraction was (it appears) the series of *maquettes* of famous "sets"—twenty-four in number—in illustration of the decorative genius or talent of the French scene-painter from 1619, the years of Hardy's *La Folie de Cléramante*, to 1877, the year, at the Académie de Musique, of Salvayre's ballet, *Le Fandango*. These we should like to describe, but our space is limited, and we must restrict ourselves to the briefest mention of two. The first is Gotti's great "set" for the *Hécube* (1800) of Milcent and Fontenelle, which gives us all the horrors of the sacking of Troy, and to equal which (it appears) we must "descendre le cours des âges jusqu'au Désert de M. Chéret dans le *Roi de Lahore*." The second is the scene imagined and painted by Cicéri for the first act of *Guillaume Tell*, of which M. Vitu remarks, that while "on a fait autrement" than the painter here has done, "on ne fera jamais ni plus grand ni plus beau." Both are extraordinary, but the distance between the two is as the distance between Poussin and Delacroix. A last remark of M. Vitu's we have done. "Que de changements à vue," says he, "qui ne s'achèvent qu'à la condition de baisser le rideau!" The cry is from the heart, and will have echoes more than one.

## CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

WHATEVER general remarks are to be made on an encyclopædia have necessarily been made on the first volume. It is, therefore, unnecessary to repeat at any length that the second volume of *Chambers's* is full, brief, clear in printing, and copious in illustration. There is another set of remarks which it is well to spare, because they are true of all encyclopædias. These are the complaints as to omissions, proportion of articles, and so forth. All encyclopædias give what the casual reader may think undue space to this or that man or subject. But the casual reader should remember that editors are more or less weighed upon by contributors and considerations of national and market popularity. Perhaps a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge published south of the border or beyond the sea would not give nearly a column to Thomas Boston of the *Fourfold State*. *Chambers's* is published in Scotland and written largely by and for Scotchmen. Therefore the good minister of Simprin has nearly as much space allowed him as Bossuet, though the importance of their lives, and of their places in theology and literature, is widely different. These anomalies cannot be helped, and could be easily paralleled no doubt in Dictionaries of Universal Knowledge brought out in France or Germany. They might even not mention Thomas Boston at all, which would be a worse mistake than saying too much about him.

No general observation can be made on the subjects of the articles in this volume. A great mass of matter must needs lie between Beaugency and Cataract, the first and last word. Not a little of it is literary, and there are great names in the list. The foreigners are for the most part most succinctly dealt with, and after the fashion most appropriate to a pure and simple work of reference. A very little less or more than a column, filled with facts and dates, is given to Bossuet or Buffon, for instance.

\* *Les Mille et Une Nuits de Théâtre*. Sixième Série. Par Auguste Vitu. London: Hachette; Paris: Ollendorff.

\* *Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge*. New edition. Vol. II.—Beaugency to Cataract. London and Edinburgh, W. & R. Chambers. 1888.

Native writers are treated at greater length. Burns naturally has ample verge and space enough. Mr. Lang, who deals with him, is as appreciative as it becomes a Scotchman to be. He is even so laudatory to this particular Scot as to rather undervalue at least one other. He says that "Burns is so much the greatest of Scotch poets that no other comes into the reckoning." Now it may surely be maintained that Dunbar does "come into the reckoning." We know no reason why the "Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins" should fear to stand by anything Burns ever wrote. Mr. Saintsbury, again, has good space wherein to treat of Byron, which he does in a manner not wholly laudatory, but not on that account the less critical. How it would pain that English bard to come across a reviewer who refuses to believe in his sins—or, at any rate, in the tragic magnitude of them—and judges him, on the whole, a rather commonplace person, with a mania for boasting of his dissipation. George Borrow very properly has his column. We notice that Mr. Groome says that Borrow describes himself as a "Le Sage in water-colours." Surely he took the description from a review in the *Quarterly*. Very properly, too, there is a long article on Thomas Carlyle by Mr. W. Wallace, which is, it may be noted with satisfaction, one sign among others that the cloud of dusty talk raised by the *Reminiscences* and Mr. Froude's *Life* has almost settled down. The notice of the less famous Carlyle, Dr. Alexander of Inveresk, ends with a sentence so pleasing that we shall quote it entire. "Its (the autobiography's) author," says the writer (unnamed), "unconsciously reveals himself a man of singularly genial, sagacious, and liberal nature, none the less a sincere Christian that he had a sound relish for claret, whist, play-going, and all the honest good things of life." After that who will imitate the mistake of the Englishman who aroused Thomas by doubting whether geniality was compatible with Scotch Calvinism? Very naturally Principal Tulloch's "Calvin" is one of the longest articles in the volume. We shall not undertake to name even a few of the articles on scientific, geographical, or historical subjects. Let the reader take it for granted that everything between Beauchamp and Cataract which ought to be there is there. We do not think he will show undue confidence. Neither will he be far wrong if he also believes that the necessary quantum of information, followed by a proper list of authorities, is given for all of them. The illustrations—as we have noted before—are very clear and neat. All of them cannot be so flattering as the picture of the great bed of Ware—which may represent what that overpowering piece of furniture was in its palmy days, but is a mockery of the frowsy object now to be seen at the Rye House.

#### FIRE TACTICS AND MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION.\*

OF all military studies the study of fire tactics is undoubtedly the best calculated to imbue "leaders of men," especially young ones, with a true conception of the work which will devolve on them in future wars against regular armies. And, incidentally, it may up to a certain point explain the very indifferent result of so many of our encounters with—or, at any rate, the unwarrantable costliness of our victories over—uncivilized foes. It is, perhaps, the only one which may succeed in persuading young officers that their duty nowadays is no longer restricted to leading their men to the enemy and giving the example of dash, but is, first of all, to direct, and to be competent to utilize to the fullest extent, the fighting capacities of the force under their command. Dash, smartness, and bravery, and readiness to accomplish glorious personal exploits on any fitting occasion—all this, of course, is still, and will always be, expected of a British officer. It is only the A B C of military qualification; but his paramount, all-absorbing duty is "to know," to qualify himself to be the thinking head of the fighting body committed to his charge.

The ultimate object of all drill is a psychological one. True it is that the soldier's course of instruction is primarily intended to exercise his body in certain directions until he be able to perform at another person's expressed will a certain definite series of movements, all more or less unfamiliar to him in private life. But this is only a means to an end, the end being the subjugation of his will, and consequently of his actions, to that of his commander. Before the adoption of long-range, quick-loading weapons the main object of the discipline thus acquired was, in the field, to bring a mass of men, in as regular and compact formation as possible, to close proximity to the enemy, when, after a short period of preparatory musketry fire, they could be launched against the foe. Even then the well-known saying of Napoleon—"Fire is everything; all the rest is of little account"—was an axiom, although musketry could only be looked upon as a mere preliminary, intended to loosen and demoralize the enemy before the real fight, the bayonet charge, took place. But there was something especially prophetic in the maxim, which is borne out by the character of modern tactics. Indeed, experience has shown that with modern firearms there are no infantry tactics proper, apart from "fire" tactics. And if the object of drill has remained the same—namely, the subjugation of the individual actions of a mass of men to the will

of a very few, the manner in which these actions have to be directed for useful purposes has undergone a radical change; the nature of the training required for the men and the duties of the officers have become more intellectual.

In Peninsular, even in Crimean days, indeed until the general adoption of breechloaders, the charge was the really critical moment of the fight. Nowadays the bare fact that the final rush to seize the enemy's position has become possible shows the really critical moment to be past and that "the battle is lost and won." The assertion that "fire is everything" has become a truism, and the old saw, "Battles are won on the barrack square," must now be paraphrased with reference to the rifle range. During the last decade, and especially since the adoption of a military repeater was first seriously mooted, the difficulty of utilizing to its fullest practical extent the wide potentialities of rifle fire has been a subject of diligent studies. Both practical experience and theoretical considerations point conclusively to the fact that "fire-discipline"—a comparatively young word, indicating a new order of ideas and a modern difficulty—is not to be obtained by the same means as general discipline, that of the barrack square, which so long was a sufficient solution of the problem offered by the "shock-tactics" of old. It must, therefore, be cultivated by very different training.

"In future wars," as Captain Mayne remarks in the Introduction to his work, "the nation which has best educated its troops to the true character of modern fighting, by teaching them to do in peace what they will have to do in war, and by subordinating to that end the whole training of the soldier, will have placed itself a long way at least on the road to success." What is the best method to teach men to make the most of their weapon under the varying and uncertain conditions of the battlefield? What are the best means to practise in peace time to enable commanders to keep their men in hand during a modern action? These two questions, musketry instruction and fire-discipline, the most pregnant in this wide subject, have formed, of late years, the topic of a special literature, sufficiently copious in this country alone, but positively formidable to the student when all the authoritative essays and reports of Continental writers are taken into account.

Captain Mayne has done a valuable piece of work, one which was much wanted, in collecting, classifying, and analysing all this scattered information. His book is unmistakably destined to fulfil the end he proposes in his unassuming and soldierlike assurance that "his labours of some years will be far more than repaid if in any way they are productive of good to the British Service."

It is not often the fate of an English military work to win unreserved praise, not only from the general press and specialist periodicals at home, but from all the most authorized critics abroad. But the exhaustive and essentially practical as well as scientific manner in which Captain Mayne has treated the question of infantry fire tactics fully justified the encomium his book received on its first appearance. The second edition, carefully revised, shows a certain amount of improvement in the method of grouping the wide and various factors of this paramount question, and has been enlarged to embody the results of almost the very latest experiments. Indeed it may be said—a poor consolation perhaps, but one, we trust, which augurs well for the future—that although our army is still probably the most imperfectly trained to the requirements of modern fire tactics, we possess now the most complete treatise extant on the subject. The contemplation of the difficulties involved in the question of "rifle-efficiency" with reference to the training of a vast number of men, must recall to many readers of *Punch* a cartoon which appeared in that paper some time after our disasters in the Transvaal. The Commander-in-Chief was represented in his office immersed in dismal perplexity concerning the question of musketry in the army. Looking in at the door was a ruffianly-looking Boer, Martini in hand, and girt with bandolier, who mockingly observed, "I say, Mister, did you want a *practical* Musketry Instructor?" The cartoon was, no doubt, grimly humorous, but it unwittingly illustrated the popular misconception as to the real requirements of the case. Of course, it would be decidedly advantageous could every infantryman be made individually as skilful as the average "Afrikaner," but it requires technical knowledge on the subject to realize that, unless he were equally well trained in the tactical employment of his weapon, he would make as poor a show against the controlled mass-firing of scientifically handled troops as he did when trying to oppose his individual accuracy to that of the Boer. The "practical instructor" wanted is one who will give his men an amount of individual marksmanship which need not be greater than that possessed by our soldiers at the present time, but especially will train them to a regular system of *controlled and collective* field-firing. This kind of fire alone can solve the triple-headed difficulty; determination of range, fire-discipline, judicious and adequately rewarded expenditure of ammunition. The fact is, that the main theme to be kept in view is that independent fire, except at short ranges, is essentially unsuited to modern warfare, and therefore that success in battle is to be sought in the judicious application of collective fire—the fire of fighting units concentrated on specified objects.

In our attempts at improving the musketry efficiency of our troops we are still acting on the idea—once universal, it is true, but now amply proved to be erroneous—that the *accuracy* of in-

\* *Infantry Fire Tactics*. By Captain C. B. Mayne, R.E. Second edition. Chatham: Gale & Polden.

dividual fire is the test of the probable efficacy of general fire in action. This system of instruction is the true cause of the paltry results of our musketry fire on active service, and that notwithstanding the fact that statistically it can be shown that our men, in point of individual skill—on the rifle range—compare very favourably with foreign troops. We still find in our "Musketry Regulations" the assertion that any man who has no defect in his eyesight can be made a "fairly good shot"; in former editions of this work the assertion was positively that he could be made a good shot. Now it has been proved over and over again that the number of men who can be reckoned as "good shots" under fire and under the natural conditions of battle—i. e., where the exact range is unknown—is so very small as to become a negligible quantity. It seems a truism to state that musketry instruction, to be efficient, must be based on the requirements of battle. But among us it seems to be constantly lost sight of that battles are fought by a mass of average men, and that therefore instruction and practice should be devoted to the achievement of average results. Such results are only obtained economically by the regulated use of collective fire, the very thing we pay least attention to. There is another consideration of the subject which points to the same conclusion. It is in such collective and controlled fire that the nearest approach may be found to that unattainable ideal, absolute fire-discipline. For it may as well be accepted at once as a military axiom that, with rapid-loading arms, and more especially with the magazine-rifle of the immediate future, all fire-discipline must cease as soon as the zone of inevitably uncontrolled individual fire at close ranges is reached, even as in former days all discipline of drill disappeared when the moment had come to charge.

Musketry instruction, fire-discipline, and fire tactics are overlapping subjects, and absolutely interdependent, including an immense variety of considerations, among which individual skill is only, after all, an elementary one. For a full treatment of these, great method is, above all things, required; and it is chiefly by his exceptionally methodical treatment that Captain Mayne has succeeded in making out of his materials, not a mere compilation, but an exhaustive, and even, in a general sense, highly readable, work. The writer has divided his subject into three parts. The first deals with the question of individual fire, especially with the national weapon of the present day, the Martini-Henry. Under this rubric are considered the so-called "ballistic qualities" of the arm, on which should be based its use in the field—range, trajectory, accuracy, rapidity of fire, and penetration; the chief causes of inaccuracy in individual fire, examined under numerous heads; and the practical limits of individual marksmanship.

The second part treats of collective fire and the estimation of its effects; the combined use of different elevations; the influence of ground and obstacles on the effects of long-range and indirect fire; and, finally, the vital question of supply of ammunition in the field, illustrated by reference to the various systems advocated in different services. With all these questions are discussed the conditions which affect fire-discipline. The chapter devoted to the comparison of "uncontrolled" with "controlled" fire is perhaps the most important in the whole work, as it lays impartially before the reader all the advantages and disadvantages of both methods in their remotest aspects. The comparison speaks for itself, and leads to an incontrovertible conclusion, which is, that however great might be the advantages of individual freedom of action in the case of an ideal army of first-rate shots, possessed of an intuitive accurate knowledge of ranges, and utterly inaccessible to the strong disturbing emotions which assail the average brave man on the battlefield, with armies such as now exist, collective fire, volleys and mass-firing, with very definite intervals, is the only way of obtaining, except at very close ranges, results approximately adequate to the capabilities of the rifle. Moreover, this system is apparently the only one which, under the nervous strain of action, will secure not only fire-discipline, but the possibility of mutual action between parts of the firing line.

Captain Mayne expresses himself strongly on this point:—

Immediately after the war of 1870-71 it was generally thought that the greatest independency should be given to the individual soldier in his actions, but the idea soon died abroad, while it has ever since been retained in England. *Mutual, and not independent, action is the secret of success in war*, and for mutual action to exist there must be discipline, direction, and control. The word "independent" should be cut out in every regulation and drill-book. The independent training of men is an evil that cannot be too strongly repressed; present conditions require the men to be trained to work mutually in groups under a leader, and not independently.

All foreign armies have been able to train their troops on that plan, and it is high time we should make any sacrifice to obtain the same result.

On this question Captain Mayne points out that our School of Musketry at Hythe, as at present constituted,

is not on a footing compatible with its supposed high duties of advancing the war training of the army in shooting. All that is taught there is (1) to make officers and non-commissioned officers sent there learn the firing exercises, the position drill, and certain very simple lectures on the theory of musketry, by heart, and the musketry regulations very nearly so; (2) to teach such officers as wish to learn certain higher branches of the theory of musketry; and (3) some elementary principles of fire tactics.

These are not, as the writer points out, subjects that require a special school for their study. Officers should be proficient in them before they are allowed to go to Hythe; indeed, many of the theoretical branches of the subject should be taught at the Royal Military College. The School of Musketry should be more specially an "experimental" one, where officers could assemble

to see such experiments in collective, inclined, indirect fire, &c., as cannot be carried out on ordinary ranges and require specially experienced officers to conduct them. The duty of a special School of Musketry, in fact, should be to keep up the instruction of the army in shooting to modern tactical requirements; it should originate tactical methods of procedure, and not be content to follow in the footsteps of Continental nations—"those who follow are always behind." If such were the case, we probably would not be so behind the age as is shown by the comparison of our trained soldier's course with that considered necessary in foreign armies. The compilers of our official text-books and regulations would then perhaps not be reduced to such expedients as Captain Mayne plainly exposes in his Introduction. Speaking of the necessity of carrying out exhaustive experiments at home and in India with the new rifle, he points out that such experiments never seem to have been made with reference to the "Martini-Henry."

The few pages on "Musketry Fire Tactics" to be found in our *Infantry Drill Book* of 1884 are a deliberate and unacknowledged translation from the French Musketry Regulations, so much so that, where the French have laid down the outer limit of long range fire as the range for the extreme graduation of their backsight, 1,600 metres, or 1,700 yards, the same limit has been inserted in our drill-books, although our backsights are only graduated up to 1,400 yards! And all these French statistics for the Gras rifle, after having been dressed up in English units of measure, are headed, *Limits for the employment of Fire, with the Martini-Henry Rifle!* Is it a proud position for a country like England to coolly copy the work of other nations like this?

Perhaps the most vexing aspect of this lamentable state of affairs is that it by no means proceeds from a lack of hardworking and competent officers in our service who keep their technical knowledge up to date, but from some incomprehensible clogging in the machinery of our military administration which ever seems to prevent any timely utilization of their good work. Not the least useful achievement of Captain Mayne's critical book will be to draw fresh attention to the number of valuable original papers on the teaching of Musketry and its higher tactical applications which have emanated from the pens of British officers, to go, judging from the little benefit that seems to have accrued therefrom to the service, straightway from the printers' hands into the all-absorbing and petrifying War Office pigeon-holes.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JAMES DARMESTETER, who is well known for his acquaintance both with English and with Oriental languages, has written a very pleasant account of a sojourn which he made in the Punjab (chiefly and for no small part of the time in the close neighbourhood of the now much-talked-about Black Mountain) rather more than a year ago (1). The sojourn was scientific and philological in character, and appears to have been executed on one of those convenient Government Commissions which fall to the lot of literary and scientific Frenchmen, and on which their scientific compeers in England ("litterary gents," for their part, at least affect a greater independence, if they do not feel it) cast longing eyes. But M. Darmesteter found time to make the acquaintance of many Englishmen, especially at the military stations; his book is dedicated to Lord and Lady Reay; and though he, like other Frenchmen, evidently cannot help a sort of sneaking feeling that, if the White Star would come and avenge Dupleix and Lally on the wicked Briton, it would serve the Briton right, he seems really almost to like us, and admits the merits (all, of course, but that terrible want of "sympathy") of our rule. We think, indeed, that M. Darmesteter adds, "La conquête de la haute Birmanie, aux portes de l'Inde, à quelques jours de la base d'opération, a occupé trente mille hommes et n'est pas achevée," politeness alone prevents us not merely from breathing the word "Tonquin" but from asking him how far Algeria is from France itself, and how many years and how many men it took to settle that operation? But we really do not desire to be controversial at all, which would not only show undue thickness of skin, but be an ill return for a very pleasant book. M. Darmesteter has written in a style occasionally a little decadent and over-elaborate, but never in bad taste, and sometimes extremely pretty. We wish we could find room (or, rather, we must find room) for a quite charming version in Baudelaire style, or in that of *Gaspard de la nuit*, of a poem which must be still more charming in the original:—

Hier soir je me suis promené dans le bazar des tresses noires; j'ai fourragé, comme une abeille, dans le bazar des tresses noires.

Hier soir, je me suis promené dans le bosquet des tresses noires; j'ai fourragé, comme une abeille, dans la volupté des grenades. J'ai enfoncé mes dents dans le menton vierge de ma tendre amie; j'ai aspiré le parfum de la guirlande au cou de ma reine, le parfum de ses tresses noires.

(1) *A la frontière afghane, lettres sur l'Inde.* Par James Darmesteter. Paris: Lemerre.

Hier soir, je me suis promené dans le bazar des tresses noires; j'ai fourragé, comme une abeille, dans le bazar des tresses noires.

— Tu as aspiré le parfum de ma guirlande, ô mon ami, et c'est pour cela que tu es ivre. Tu t'es endormi comme Behram sur le lit de Sarasia: mais, après cela, quelqu'un te fera périr, car tu as fait le voleur sur mes jupes. A présent, il est en grande colère contre toi, le tchoukdar des tresses noires.

— Il est en grande colère contre moi, ô ma petite? Dieu me gardera, n'est-il pas vrai?

Allonge comme un bâton, pour me défendre, tes longues tresses noires, veux-tu?

Livre-moi ton blanc visage! Rassasie-moi, comme le touti, veux-tu? Et pour une fois lâche-moi dans la grange des tresses noires.

— Je te donnerai accès, mon ami, dans le jardin de la blanche poitrine. Mais, après cela, tu te détourneras de moi, et t'en iras dédaigneusement. Pourtant, lorsque je montre mon blanc visage, la lumière de la lampe s'éclipse.

— Le Seigneur t'a donné la beauté sans pareille. Jette un regard sur moi, ma charmante. Le serpent m'a mordu au cœur, le serpent de tes tresses noires.

— Je charmerai le serpent de mon souffle; ô mon petit, je suis une charmeuse. Mais moi, pauvre malheureuse, je suis déchirée en ton honneur. Viens, quittons Pakli; j'ai en horreur le vilain. Je te donne le plein pouvoir sur les tresses noires.

By an odd coincidence the next book before us is also a book of poems in prose after a fashion. M. F. Poictevin (2) has a commendatory letter from M. de Goncourt, and dedicates his book to Mr. J. K. Huysmans, "the writer so acute and fastidious." His subjects however are, as a rule, pleasanter than those of the acute and fastidious *vates* of dysentery and the birth of calves. When he is brief and comparatively simple, as in "L'obsession," he is not unremarkable. But such a thing as "Au mouvement et au bruit sans rythme, dans la mauvaise haleine des rues" will always be a conceit, and a bad and false conceit too, for all crowds and street movements have "rhythm." Moreover clouds which "hautes et longues, assez effilochées, s'avançaient, méphistophiliques sans déplaisance, en leur superbe vaporeuse et qu'on pouvait croire chagrine" will always be *galimatias*. Not a few good things will be found here, as they often are found in company of conceit and *galimatias*, but they would be better without such companions.

The plan of editing considerable portions of English with hints and assistances for translation into other languages has long been applied in English to the classical tongues, notably in the case of Latin and the *Spectator*. But it has never, we think, been applied to French on the same scale as in M. Boiellé's edition of Macaulay's essay on Frederick the Great (3). This, we may say at once, is an exceedingly useful idea, well carried out, and one of the best things in its class that we have recently seen. The notes are numerous, but not too numerous, and, without pledging ourselves to every one, we can pronounce the equivalence of the idioms recommended in them to be quite unusually just.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. C. E. PLUMPTRE gets over a good deal of ground at a great pace in his four-part essay, *Natural Causation* (Fisher Unwin); but, excepting in the non-theoretical portion of his book, where he illustrates the evils of State interference with individual liberty in education, trade, and so forth, it cannot be said he fills the hungry and open-minded reader with good things. In the first place, he examines "the doctrine of Design" from the "standpoint of Evolution," and on p. 24 confidently assumes that "We see, then, that the genesis of the solar system and the formation of the earth are not difficult of explanation through Natural Causation, while upon the hypothesis of Design they are absolutely without explanation." If any reader, at this point, should think Mr. Plumptre as good as his word, he is the most easily-persuaded soul conceivable. The argument, for instance, on p. 22, based on "the hypothesis that the earth was solely made for man"—which, by the way, few theologians, if any, would advance—makes quite as much for design as against it: "A world slowly cooling down from 'incandescence' through 'untold millions of years'—assuming the truth of these scientific 'facts'—must have proved an uncomfortable or impossible place for man. If Mr. Plumptre could produce proof that man had made a premature appearance in a too-fervent world and had suffered accordingly, that were something against the doctrine of design. As it is, what he says may be summed up in the statement that man arrived when the earth was prepared for him, which accords with the Mosaic cosmogony. Not less simple and superior is the scientist's treatment of mysteries. "The doctrine of Evolution, unlike the doctrine of Design, has only to start with its one mystery—namely, the existence of Matter and its concomitant property Force," so we read at page 15, though later (p. 25) it is conjectured that Mind is another form, "though, at bottom, an entirely mysterious form, of this same wonderful matter." So here is another mystery—Mind—and from it issues a succession of mysteries connected with free will, conscience, and the hundred "obstinate questionings" that will arise in spite of science and defy solution. To class such painful riddles under the head of matter, and then declare you have only one mystery to deal with, is

easy, no doubt, perhaps convenient, but it does not reduce by one jot the difficulties that confront the apostles of evolution. No doubt the perception of all that is comprehended in the mystery of life has lost much of its original keenness in the mind of a man who is ready to interpret the universe through evolution; but the mystery remains undiminished by the process. Mr. Plumptre has the proper scorn of superstitions common to men of science, yet his attitude towards evolution and heredity is at times intensely superstitious. Heredity he regards with something of fetish adoration. In the third part of his essay he treats of the human conscience, not attempting to solve its mystery, but rather to explain it away, and concludes by anticipating a time "when Conscience, being no longer required, will cease to exist." This happy result is to be achieved through the blessed action of heredity.

*Taxation in American States and Cities*, by Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., assisted by John H. Finley, A.B. (New York: Crowell; London: Trübner & Co.), is a handbook of statistics and general information relative to taxation in the United States, and a treatise for popular reading. As a treatise it is addressed to the intelligent American citizen, and not, as Professor Ely is careful to explain, primarily to specialists. It is also, in some sort, tentative; for the hope is expressed in the preface that fuller illustration of the subject may be set forth in a new edition. If the intelligence of the American citizen corresponds to Mr. Ely's estimate, the realization of this hope will not be long postponed. His book is full of interest and instruction, lucid in exposition, and suggestive in more ways than might be looked for by the general reader. The historical retrospect, for instance, is excellent reading for English taxpayers, for whom also Mr. Ely's views in the section "Taxation as it should be" may be said to possess many aspects of interest. Much curious information is collected relative to taxation in the colonial period, early taxation in 1796, and during what Mr. Ely calls the "transition period," which ended with the Civil War. Valuable illustration is afforded by tables of revenue returns, taxes, valuations, and other financial statistics.

Since the publication of the *Cosmos* of the illustrious Humboldt, we are reminded, "no single composition, by one individual, on so extensive a subject has, perhaps, been attempted," as the *Discursive Essays* of "Cosmopolites" (London Literary Society). The "subject" of this amazing disquisition comprehends the phenomena of the heavens, the physical history of the earth, the evolution of organic beings, botany, geology, magnetism; it includes a rambling navigation through space, passing from all sorts of old theories, astronomical and geological, to new theories of the sun's motion and of cold; and, finally, the panting reader is stranded midway between Huttonians and Wernerians. The writer's industry is immense, his matter inextricably mixed, his style and method exhausting.

*Curve Pictures of London*, by Alex. B. Macdonald, M.A. (Sampson Low & Co.), are a series of little diagrams by which the "social reformer" may study pictorially present and past statistics of population; birth, marriage, and death rates; pauperism, drunkenness, and other interesting matters. The diagrams are decidedly interesting, and are based on Police Reports, the Registrar-General's Reports, and other more or less trustworthy data.

There is much that is wild and wonderful in Mr. Campbell McKellar's booklet *The Premier's Secret, and other Tales* (Melbourne: McCarron & Co.). In one story there is a diverting incident that promises a very pretty duel. The hero, an English gentleman, overhears an Italian prince call him a thief, whereupon he responds with "foul liar" and a splendid show of swagger. The prince walks towards him and asks, "Do you repeat that I am a liar?" and the other replies, "Do you repeat—do you dare to repeat—I am a thief?" and so on, like two street boys. Unfortunately there is no duel.

A sound and strenuous patriotic tone is perhaps the most notable feature of Mr. D. C. F. Moodie's *Southern Songs* (Cape Town: Juta & Co.), of which we have a third edition.

From Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton we have received an assortment of pretty bijou volumes, illustrated somewhat in the Christmas Card style. *The Voice of Nature* is a selection of well-chosen poetical pieces. *Golden Lights*, by Margaret Haycraft, is excellent in precept and prettily illustrated in "monotint" by W. H. S. Thompson. *In the Olden Time* is made up of extracts from Scott, with plates in a brownish tint illustrating Christmas festivities. *Twilight Memories* comprises verse by Mr. Thompson Hutchinson and pictures by Mr. Woodruff and Mr. J. H. Edwards.

We have also received the *Progressive German Reader*, "Elementary part," by Franz Lange (Whittaker); *German Examination Papers*, by A. R. Lechner (Rivingtons); the *Key to the above*, by A. R. Lechner (Rivingtons); *Graded German Lessons*, by William C. Collar (Boston: Ginn); *History and Geography Examination Papers*, compiled by C. H. Spence, M.A. (Bell & Sons); and *German Epic Tales in Prose*, edited by C. Neuhaus (Whittaker).

We have before us a most excellent map of Central Africa (W. & A. K. Johnston), illustrating the ill-fated Bartolot expedition. The district from the Zambesi to the Nile is still of such rare and recent exploration, and the results of that exploration are so imperfectly noted in the usual atlases, that such a map is very welcome.

(2) *Derniers songes*. Par François Poictevin. Paris: Lemerre.

(3) *Macaulay's Frederick the Great*. Edited by J. Boiellé. London: Williams & Norgate.